

# TOC H JOURNAL

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*The Editor accepts no responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed by authors of articles or in speeches at meetings.*

*NOTE : As usual no JOURNAL will be published in September, and the date by which news for the October issue is required will be Thursday, September 24.*

## A NEW PILGRIMS' PROGRESS—VII.

DON'T resign yourself to your fate, or blaspheme the insensate muddledom of contorted creation. Don't fill your lungs with despair, and breathe it on your neighbours, who are trying to learn the one great trick of how to be happy though living. Don't weep, to parade your happy taste in handkerchiefs ; or mourn, because black becomes you. Don't meditate making away with yourself ; Great Britain at present cannot afford unnecessarily to relinquish a single taxpayer. Don't damn the British Empire ; it's got enough to put up with, without being wilted by your magnificently phrased resentment. If the Empire was (as Froude said) created in fits of absence of mind, neither ignorance nor antipathy will nourish it. Therefore, when your liver is not in working trim, when your bile is baleful, and your spleen black within you, I have now a specific to prescribe more certain than M. Coué, more honeyed than the murmuring of "Mesopotamia." I say, "*Remember Chilliwack!*" and all the wraiths retire.

Chilliwack (if by chance you do not yet know) is in British Columbia, with a healthy emphasis on the British, for it is very near that channel of hewn trees which hereabouts (for a hundred miles or so) shows in the winter as a white track on the hillside, and marks the southern border beyond which is the land of those who are now attempting to free themselves from too much freedom. The borderland relationship is real and friendly, though some liquor still disobeys the laws of gravity and runs apace uphill. But, as if to atone for any such occasion, there is on the States side of the line a gold mine (if you please !) which employs some fifty men, who can only go to their work therein by crossing into Canada day by day. So we live by give and take, with sufficient sense and sobriety. Near the Canadian mouth of the United States mine, near, that is, as distances are here counted, is the traditional spot, to which, in a great round up of Indian rebels, some three hundred braves were brought, by a small army of United States cavalry, and handed over (for escort to the assigned North Territory) to *two* constables of the Canadian Mounted Police, who shepherded them imper-  
turbably to their distant destination.

Chilliwack, B.C. !—the magic of the name grows upon you. You take it at one gulp, and cannot mispronounce it, if you try. The first thing is how to get there. I omit the earlier stages of your journey, for I candidly don't know

where you come from ; but place yourself prominently among the "lounge-lizards" in the Vancouver Hotel, Vancouver City, on a Sunday after midday, and keep an eye lifted for a total stranger, about thirty years of age, of masterful mien, and with one leg left at Vimy. He will conduct you to a Ford or "flivver" in which his father is waiting. Both father and Ford are eager to be going, and with the street signals in your favour, you will leave Vancouver behind you before you have decided whether your last breathing is not indeed your last breath.

Then, some miles out, you dive down a breakneck hill (with no surface to speak of) past New Westminster, swerve, or skid, if you prefer that method of steering, sharply to the left, and on a bridge as long as it is narrow, you bowl across the wide waters of the Fraser, about to make a proportionate contribution to the Pacific. You climb hence complainingly, and find the two-track road on top, running humbly along a chasm made between the noblest trees you ever saw as lining to a main road. Beyond, they have been logged and burnt, with the brutality of a young country towards its natural beauty ; but your eyes are soon busy with Mount Baker, which squats against the skyline like a white bite out of the blue, as though some Olympian had there overturned a salt-cellar ; it is not brusque and menacing like the Matterhorn, but presides over the landscape primly, a mountain like a molehill.

Another ten miles out of the seventy which separate Vancouver from Chilliwack, and you must leave the highway to Seattle, that budding Boston of the West. Henceforth your way lies at times within a stone's throw of the boundary, and at one cross-roads you look down to the customs-house and protoplasmic City behind it. Then out upon a vast saucer-shaped valley, entered through a crack in its edge, with steep, serrated hills all round it, and some peeps of perilous pinnacles behind them. The lower end of the plain was a mere marsh, until the engineers reclaimed it with an insatiate pumping installation which sucks the overplus of moisture from the meadowland. This you now skirt on an earlier causeway, and find the road a narrow ribbon, tacked to the skirt of the Southern hillside, and built of moist earth and hewn timber. If there are precipices in Paradise, this road is modelled on them.

You are giving away your gains now, and winding downward once more. A final flick of the wheel, and you traverse a bridge spanning a stream which knows it is Sunday afternoon, and drowns in its great, grey bed. But the orchard on its brink, with an acre cut clean off it, shows what the little fellow can do when roused and reinforced.

A straight run now along a fine highway, leads you into Chilliwack, and no farther. On the left is the miniature Chinatown, and on the right a lane sags off to the encampment of some rather shop-worn Indians ; and the Chilliwack itself—the village capital—the township—what you will—lies at last before you.

You must not linger now to observe its architecture, its corner lots, its garages and stores and banks, nor even its B.C. version of Printing House Square—for Chilliwack is justly proud of its newspaper. You have a preaching appointment, remember, and the time of its fulfilment tarries not. There are the usual variety of churches to choose from, but on the whole you decide to throw in your lot

to-night with the Anglicans, whose ark rests spic and span upon a grassy corner, with the Vicarage some fifty yards behind it.

The Ford produces its "trot for the avenue," with your driver's timber toe upon its accelerator, and pulls up on its haunches at this unpretentious home, from the steps of which, where they have been sitting in the spring sunshine, there comes the whole family, to combine in unpacking you and to bid you welcome; the vicar himself, his wife, two rising boys and a wee rosebud of a sister. The vicar ran for Cambridge, not too many years ago, and his sons practise spurts in sympathy, proposing to astound him presently, with glories greater than his own.

By the time "high" tea is finished, the sun is sloping behind the hills, sheer into the Pacific, and all the scanty clouds on duty have gathered to cushion and to curtain its decline. The congregation of the first-born is gathering also; and those who can no longer find room at the back are hustled into surplices or mortar-boards for the mixed choir. To judge from the number of cars, all the county families have forsaken their communings with coat armour, more customary than church on Sunday evenings. But be not deceived. You are in a land of long-range locomotion, and the most of these steeds would neigh at the name of the wizard of Detroit.

Having got you to the church, my contract is fulfilled. I cannot conjecture what you may find it in your heart to say to Chilliwack assembled. When I was there, no Joshua stayed the sun; and it was night when we sang the last old hymn. Even then, we were but half-way through, for you must know that next to the manse there is a highly commodious parish hall, and thither we adjourned for tea and whatnots, succeeded by some chanting of un-churchly songs, yet hallowed in our memories by the thought of those whose feet they lifted out of the mire and clay of Flanders. After the libation of a few such choruses, any strangeness is gone from among us, and we are quickly caught up into the common friendliness of purpose; nor, indeed, are they all strangers to begin with, for one man now growing grey, has come far across the hills from Huntingdon with his wife and two strong sons, and all because there was once a House in Flanders, beloved by us both.

Many at the back of the meeting are (as they should be in Toc H) younger men, scarce trousered in the times of war. But the seniors were over almost to a man, relinquishing for five long years this happy valley for those other and darker valleys of decision, coming cheerfully over land and sea to the service of a cause that called them, and no less than one hundred of their number came no more from Flanders. How readily such episodes may be forgotten, the clever cities of the world have since shown, but in the country places at least, if minds seem slower, memories are more retentive, and he would be a bold man indeed who asked Chilliwack to put off its loving kindness to its dead. In cities we are so flustered with new fevers, that he who would let his thoughts linger, wakes from his reverie to find himself alone. But there is that within the conscience of the countryside which retards the pulse of premature oblivion. These lovely scenes are faithful to their dead, and the half-accomplished homesteads of the Far West

still wait and wonder for the taming touch of those who came so far to make them, and then left them under the abrupt impulsion of so distant a duty.

So Chilliwack is entering into Toc H, with the stubborn patience of those who have paid the cost beforehand. They will keep the standard strict, and exact from each the obligation of personal service. A picked team of farmers and their fellows, with some coveted places kept for the best of the juniors, are settling down already to the tasks of Toc H, and beginning with the introduction of scouting for the boys.

Every township's tired of touts,  
Roughnecks, larrikins and louts.  
Every wise reformer shouts :  
" S-C-O-U-T-S, Scouts ! "

But Scouts need Scouters, trained and trustworthy, and Toc H in Chilliwack is to provide these as its first corporate activity. If all goes well, on one day in July, the Governor-General's train will halt in that vicinity, and the wisest and kindest counsellor in the Dominion will see for himself what all this is about. Later, if all goes forward wholesomely, a Chilliwackian will be setting out for London in December, and bear back with him a small bronze Lamp, round which generation after generation of the men in early prime will gather, to face the challenge of its tiny flame.

TUBBY.

\* \* Most of the above appeared in *The Times* of July 27. The portrait on the cover of this number is reproduced by the kindness of *Time and Tide*: it appeared, together with an excellent character sketch of TUBBY, in that paper on July 24.—ED.

#### U.S.A. AND CANADA SAY "GOOD BYE."

TUBBY has forwarded to H.Q. a big batch of letters and telegrams received by him. Many of these deal with points of business, but from among them the following extracts on matters of general interest are taken :—

LOUIS N. WASHBURN wrote to the Pilgrims from *Philadelphia* on April 30 : " You have left what I believe will prove a lasting influence in our group. And you would know that I'm speaking conservatively in this, and not just trying to be polite, if you could have been at our meeting last night. It seems that the spirit of Toc H is in a fair way toward making different people of us—and that, of course, is just what you want. Where this spirit will lead us is still a matter for the future to determine. Apparently we are not yet ready for a definite program of service. And, for a time at least, we shall simply continue to meet and pray together, and draw the strength that comes from spontaneous common worship. Of course, if it resulted only in this, it would be most thoroughly worth while. It's surprising in a way that we don't get that out of our respective churches ; as far as my dull wits can see that's one of the first purposes of having churches. But the plain fact is that we don't get it, wherever the fault may lie, and Toc H is proving a real blessing by giving us just that. But I feel that it's inevitable that something more definite will follow in the way of service to others, just because I believe that any deep-rooted religious feeling must find an outlet or wreck itself. . . . It's possible we may be led to assume a sort of spiritual guardianship over some selected younger men not now in the Group, who can thus be helped to form the nucleus of a branch operating along the lines that you have worked out in England. . . . You've won your way deep into our hearts, which, I hope, you will count not the least of your accomplishments here."

An anonymous friend writes thus to Tubby from *New Westminster, B.C.*, on May 5, the day he sailed from Canada : " As one of the privileged people who heard you last night, please allow

me to express the gratitude of *my son's mother* to you for your untiring efforts to carry on your wonderful work with Toc H. I lost a young brother on the Ypres Salient 'missing'—never heard of again—his machine brought down in German lines, and it occurred to me last night, when listening to you, that possibly he was one of the youngsters who benefited by your House in that part. One will like to think that he went to his death surrounded with benign influences and not afraid. The youngest of eight he was—and best loved. And because of him, and our son growing up to face a more terrible conflict, one thanks you and prays that your work will be abundantly blessed. Incidentally permit me to say how refreshing it is to encounter real humour again in this artificial, self-conscious "Western" atmosphere; one has almost forgotten how to laugh with discrimination, so to speak. Seven thousand blessings on your head and 'Pat's.' Sincerely, ONE WHO HEARD."

Among many messages of God-speed to the Pilgrims as they left Canada, we may quote these:—A telegram from W. N. DARRACOTT of *Mark I (C), Winnipeg*: "As you leave Canada's shores you take with you the good wishes of Mark I (C) for a pleasant, safe and successful voyage. We shall support you with our prayers, and are holding in our memories the sublime gesture—one hand up and the other out and slightly down. We pledge ourselves to keep burning the Torch you and Pat rekindled. Give our love to Toc H wherever you find it."

A telegram from FRANK WEBB, Warden of *Mark II (C), Toronto*: "Received and appreciated letters from Pat and yourself. Settled in new home, 614, Huron Street, everything fine, everyone happy. Met Mrs. Williams yesterday morning and agreed lounge-room in memory of her husband. Everyone doing their best. Will write you long letter as soon as possible. Chapel will be in basement. Executive functioning and members enthusiastic and appreciative of new home. Love and every good wish to both of you."

A telegram from the new group at *Chilliwack, B.C.*: "Future Toc H here rejoices in your message to them. Their hearts go with you on your journeys. May you both bring to others the vision you have brought to them."

In a letter from THOMAS KIRBY, *Port of Huntingdon, B.C.*: "How can I express my thankfulness in once more being able to see you! I cannot let you leave without expressing my love and loyalty to you, the inspiration of old when you used to stand before us in that Upper Room (at *Poperinghe*) and talk to us, not preach. . . . You met my two boys—real British stock; you met my wife; perhaps my compensation, what I longed to accomplish myself, will reach fruition in the boys. You taught us that in the building up of the spirit the results never die—first the birth, then the full life. I value more than gold your blessing; may your thought sometimes reach and help me!"

In a letter from HARRY LOGAN, of the *Vancouver Group*: "You gripped your Vancouver audience last night with a most intimate heart-shake. Next time you come—which, please God, may not be too long removed—we hope at your journey's end here you will have, not thirty, but thirty hundred to greet you. But then, numbers don't really count, do they? . . . We shall go slowly, anyhow, but try to reach the objective set by the General Staff."

In a parting letter from STUART STRATHY, describing the move into the new *Mark II (C) at Toronto*: "They all (*i.e., ten hostellers*) sleep in their new quarters to-night, including Padre Broughall. While I had the charge of the final arrangements, I felt everything was under the Power which has sustained and which sustains you, Tubby dear; to Him be the honour and glory! And now, if we can get the spirit of the Master in the House, all will be well."

#### NEW ZEALAND.

*The Pilgrims landed at Auckland, N.Z., on May 25. On June 3 MARK ROBINSON wrote from Government House, Wellington, the following brief report of their doings*: "I feel sure that the readers of the JOURNAL will be pleased to hear about the adventures and experiences of the

two Pilgrims in Maoriland. I escaped from the back-blocks just in time to meet them at Auckland on May 25. Tubby was, as usual, full of vim and business, but really he was suffering from the effects of ptomaine as the result of something he had eaten out of a tin whilst on the boat, and was far from fit. But I can now see great signs of improvement in him, and I think that he should arrive in Sydney on June 16 well and strong. Pat was as fit as anything, and is at the present moment holding a campaign in the New Plymouth 'salient,' which is on the West Coast of the North Island.

"So far I think that great progress has been made here, and I will give you a short account of activities. At *Auckland* the pair were the guests of the Archbishop, and a meeting of the clergy was held. I think good was done, and that several are definitely convinced of the need for Toc H there. A public meeting was held on May 26, which was not very well attended, but there was every excuse, as time was so short that advertising was impossible. Nevertheless, I think that Auckland will go ahead. Pat Leonard returns there on Saturday, June 6, to consolidate the work begun.

"On Wednesday, May 27, we set out for *Hamilton*, a much smaller town, and here Tubby met the Rotary and clergy and a small public meeting. They were the guests of the 'Archdemon,' who will prove to be (and, in fact, is now) an active convert to Toc H, and will, I think, see that the seed grows in that huge farming area, the Waikato.

"Thursday and Friday were spent on pleasure at *Rotorua*, the largest 'thermal region' in the world. Tubby and Pat were perfectly fascinated by the boiling pools and geysers, and in particular by a Maori chief who was taking his bath in a natural, ready-made bathroom. Since our visit there has been a small eruption, and, strange to say, this occurred on one of the very spots upon which Tubby rested. I do not know whether there is any specific reason for its occurring there, but it is an ominous sign that Tubby means literally to stir up this country into perpetual activity.

"Our next move was to *Wellington*, the capital, where we arrived on Saturday, May 30, Tubby and Pat being the guests of His Excellency the Governor-General (*Sir Charles Ferguson*). Our advent here had been more prepared than at Auckland, and I think that here we have great hopes for the future of Toc H. The Rotary, scouts and schools have been got hold of, and spoken to by Pat and Tubby, and services were held on Whit-Sunday at which the two both spoke. A good meeting was held last night in the Town Hall, at which the Governor-General presided; it proved to be our most successful so far. A group is being formed here on the first opportunity, and will be available for tuition by Tubby before he sails for Sydney on the 12th. Already we seem to have collected a good little band of keen workers, and I feel certain that Wellington will not be the last, by any means, to petition for a Lamp, as they become a real 'dinkum' (N.Z. for 'pukka') branch, and thus form another link across the Empire.

"That is roughly our experience in the most British of the Dominions. To-night Tubby and I set out for *Christchurch*, in the South Island, where we hope for great things.\* On Tuesday we return here, for consolidation purposes, and wind up with a farewell supper on Thursday, June 11, at some hostel. On June 12 the two depart for Sydney, where they will have a huge task in front of them.

"I personally feel we may be sure that the Torch is lit here, and that it will not be allowed to go out. There is great need for Toc H."

*The Secretary of the Wellington Group, A. B. MALYON (late of Portsmouth Branch), writes to H.Q. on June 16: "The Pilgrims left here last Friday in exceedingly rough weather." (Tubby wrote during the crossing to Australia: "We're standing on head and tail alternately in the Tasman Sea—the roughest by far. It's difficult to write, and Pat is prostrate.") "On the morning before they left we had a corporate communion at St. Mark's, at which Pat celebrated*

\*Tubby reported by cable the formation of groups in Wellington and Christchurch (see July JOURNAL, p. 193).—ED.

and Tubby assisted. Yesterday we sent a cable to them in Australia as follows: 'Toc H Wellington sends God speed, and expresses deep thankfulness for your visit.' We are holding another guest-night on July 9, and have fixed up the Barn Tea Room as our meeting-place. Though we have a number waiting to be admitted, we have limited the first membership to twelve, so as to get to know one another, and then propose to enter an additional four each month. We have Charles Clark, known amongst you as C2, in our Group. Our Anglican padre is Canon Fielden Taylor, who, though crippled, is a great worker; You will hear more about him when Tubby returns."

Tubby adds, in a letter written on June 11: "Wellington and Christchurch Groups are definitely formed; New Plymouth and Hamilton will follow, and perhaps Auckland. J. R. Perston is Jobmaster at Wellington, and Malyon (late of 'Pompey') secretary; Walter J. Kerr—another of the old folk—is secretary at Christchurch."

As an example of how the school work of Toc H sometimes produces unexpected fruit, the following letter deserves to be quoted in full. C. H. BARNES writes to Tubby from Waikiki on May 27: "An Old Wykehamist, I beg a moment of your precious time. I was in Trant's House at Winchester from '17 to '21, and claim the honour of having shaken hands with you after a lecture you gave in 'School,' when I was in the school. I am at present on a dairy farm in the back-blocks, but hope to get a more civilised job in a town next month. As I do not think it is likely that you will be coming any nearer, is it on your cards to be at Hamilton or Frankton, or will you be passing through? I should so much like to meet you again, and offer my humble services in the great cause, Toc H. Only to-day did we receive the paper announcing your arrival in New Zealand, so I trust this will reach you. I know you are very busy, and shall quite understand if you cannot answer this yourself. With all good wishes for the prosperity and success of Toc H in New Zealand."

Tubby, unable to see him, passed this letter to Pat, who wired to Barnes that he was passing through Hamilton. The result, Tubby writes, was that "Barnes came twelve miles by horse, and fifty by local train to see Pat for five minutes (literally) on his way through Hamilton at 11 p.m. by the night express. He only wanted to ask *what he could do!* He'd never seen Pat before, and a school talk on Toc H four years ago was all he had had."

The family of Mark IV received on July 11 another of PAT's cheery dispatches, written from Government House, Wellington, on May 31 (Whit Sunday): "The weather outside is vile, regular Manchester rain coming down with that hopeless persistency that makes you certain it can never stop. . . . You will have shared my anxiety at the news of Tubby's ptomaine poisoning; I'm glad to say that he is much better, though the bug is still somewhere in his system. I had the best doctor in Auckland to vet him. He reported all organs sound, and recommended a light diet—so all is well." Pat then goes on to describe Auckland, the town and harbour and various meetings, to one of which Padre Seton "had ridden 30 miles on horse-back and driven 28 in his Ford over roads resembling the bed of a Scotch torrent." He gives an amusing description of Rotorua, the place of hot springs (which they reached in a train which took 6½ hours to do 86 miles: "Travelling in N.Z. is *no bon*"), and the native Maori village of Whakarewarewa. "New Zealand is extraordinarily English in every way. The countryside and the climate remind me of home, and the New Zealanders are the most English of all the Dominion folk. . . . Don't forget us when you say your prayers—Australia is going to be a tough nut to crack."

#### AUSTRALIA.

Headquarters have received this postcard from Tubby's father at Brockenhurst, New Forest: "I received the following cable to-day from Brisbane, Queensland:—'Your son Philip accorded enthusiastic reception to-day.—MAYOR.' I conclude he is just visiting his birthplace, which he left as a long-clothes baby in 1886.—REGINALD B. M. CLAYTON."



THIS IS THE *Song of the Creatures* THAT  
*Brother Francis of Assisi* MADE IN THE  
YEAR OF OUR SALVATION MCCXXV

**O** MOST HIGH, AL-  
MIGHTY GOOD  
LORD GOD, to Thee  
belong Praise, Glory, Honour  
and all Blessing.

**P**RAISED be my Lord  
God with all His crea-  
tures, and specially our  
brother the Sun, who brings us  
the Day and who brings us the  
Light. Fair is he and shines  
with a very great splendour—O  
Lord, he signifies to us Thee.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
our sister the Moon, and  
for the Stars, which He  
has set clear and lovely in  
Heaven.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
our brother the Wind,  
and for the Air and  
Cloud, calms and all weather  
by the which Thou upholdest  
life in all creatures.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
our sister Water, who is  
very serviceable unto us  
and humble and precious and  
clean.

**P**RAISED be my Lord  
for our brother Fire,  
through whom Thou  
givest us light in the darkness;  
he is bright and pleasant and  
very mighty and strong.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
our mother the Earth,  
the which doth sustain  
us and keep us and bringeth  
forth divers fruits and flowers of  
many colours and grass.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
all those who pardon  
one another for His  
love's sake and who endure  
weakness and tribulation. Bless-  
ed are they who peaceably shall  
endure, for Thou, O Most Highest,  
shalt give them a crown.

**P**RAISED be my Lord for  
our sister the death of  
the body. Blessed are  
those who are found walking by  
Thy most holy will, for the second  
death shall have no power to do  
them harm.

**P**RAISE ye and bless ye  
the Lord and give  
thanks unto Him and  
serve Him with great humility.



SEVEN HUNDRED years ago, on some day between July and September, 1225, a dying man composed an undying song. Brother Francis, "God's Troubadour," the "little poor man" of Assisi, was making the last laborious journey along the hillsides of that sweet country where he was born. He had set his face towards the beloved city where, nearly twenty years before, he had thrown down his rich clothes at his merchant-father's feet and gone out, with a brown blanket wrapped round him, to serve God and Lady Poverty. Here was the track along which he had once ridden against Perugia among the young soldiers of Assisi—the gayest and the best-horsed of them all. And there, at the turn of the road, he had suddenly seen Christ in a loathsome leper's face, leapt from his horse and kissed him. Here he had preached to the villagers, and there healed a madman. Under this olive-tree he had lain all night, face down, in prayer, and yonder was the rocky hill where, nine months ago, he had undergone the greatest mystical experience which could be given to any man—the vision, face to face, of his Lord, which had filled his spirit with a rapture beyond speech, and had left on his body the physical marks of Calvary. He was never able to walk with any ease again, and now he was riding slowly on a horse which had been put at his disposal. As he reached Monte Verna, his hill of vision, he alighted and knelt down and cried: "Farewell, Mountain of God. Abide in peace; we shall never see one another again." He mounted and rode down the valley, hearing nothing, they say, of the cheering crowds which came out to meet him from every village, perhaps not even hearing the birds which flew about his head and sang to their beloved friend. At one hill-town he stayed for a month, preaching and healing the sick, and thence, now riding upon a donkey, he set out with a failing body but ever-increasing fervour of spirit, to evangelise the whole district. Unsleeping toil brought on a new and terrible infirmity—Francis, who loved to look on every flower and human face, began to go blind. This restless spirit was compelled at last to seek rest, this homeless man a home. As his Master had turned to the house at Bethany, Francis went to St. Damian, the house where St. Clare ruled the "poor sisters," that wonderful League of Women Helpers which he had founded. The world knows no more beautiful story of friendship between a man and a woman than that of Francis and Clare.

The once light-hearted Brother reached the house at St. Damian completely blind. For a fortnight he could not tell night from day. His spirit also was darkened; he sat for hours in tears, with Clare beside him, "transfigured with compassion." To continue his journey was out of the question, and he remained two months at St. Damian sleeping in a cell of reeds in the garden, which Clare helped with her own hands to build. Little by little the gallant heart of him rallied, and he began again to smile and sing. His sight was restored.

One day he talked long with Clare. They sat down to table together, but the meal was scarcely begun when Francis fell into a silent ecstasy. When he opened his lips again it was to sing a new song which had just come to him—the *Song of the Creatures*, which some call the *Canticle of the Sun*. In the months which followed he sent his friars out to sing it into all the countryside. When Sister Death received his wasted body a year later, they say he passed over singing.

## THE PEARL STUDS

By "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM."

IT was my birthday and Angela gave me a present of three pearl studs. This was, of course, in the old days, 1913 or thereabouts, before all our money was taken from us to pay civil servants, profiteers and war-creditors. We could afford to give each other presents in those days. But I was astonished at the magnificence of Angela's gift. I hinted that she had been too generous and spent more than she could afford.

"Oh, no," said Angela. "I got those studs quite cheap. They're not new, you know. The man in the shop told me that a lady had just brought them in and exchanged them for a vanity bag at less than their real value. He said he'd made his profit on the transaction already."

"I daresay he had," I said. "He would, you know. He'd take every advantage of a woman who came in to sell him her husband's studs. Quite right, too."

"You don't mean to say," said Angela, "that you think she stole the studs?"

"I'm putting it as charitably as I can," I said. "I'm supposing that they were her husband's. Lots of women wouldn't call it stealing to take their husband's property. The studs can't possibly have been her own, you know. Women don't have studs for the front of evening shirts. They'd be no use to them."

"He might have given them to her," said Angela. "He might have known that she wanted that bag and not been able to buy it for her, and so——"

"No man would ever think of swapping his studs for a vanity bag," I said. "It's the last thing that would occur to him. The best we can hope is that he is a wealthy man and owns a second set of pearl studs. Then he won't miss these. Won't know they're gone, perhaps. Not that even that justifies her. Stealing is stealing—even if the man you rob has plenty of whatever it is you take from him."

Angela is not easily convinced when she has made up her mind to be charitable. She had to admit that it was almost impossible to think of a man giving his wife his evening studs to exchange for a bag. But she was determined not to admit that the woman was a thief.

"Perhaps," she said, "the poor woman wanted that bag frightfully and coaxed her husband to give her the studs."

It seemed ungracious to go on arguing with Angela about the birthday present she had just given me, so I said nothing in reply to her coaxing hypothesis. But my private opinion is that a woman who could use the advantage a pretty face gives her to wheedle a man's studs out of his shirt front is scarcely less immoral than one who takes the studs when he's out at the office.

"Well," I said, "we shall never know the true history of that transaction. I don't suppose even the jeweller knows, though he must have had his suspicions. Otherwise he wouldn't have got the studs so cheap or be willing to let them go at less than their real value."

Angela sighed. "I wish we could find out," she said. "I'd like to be able to prove to you that she was not a thief."

As it happened we did hear the story that very evening. By way of celebrating my birthday I took Angela out to dinner and then to the theatre. Afterwards, as we were making a night of it, I took her to supper at the Savoy grill room. There we met Harbinson and he sat down at our table. I was wearing the pearl studs, of course. I was bound to do that as they had been a birthday present. I noticed that Harbinson stared very hard at them several times during supper. At last he said to me:

"By the way, do you by any chance know my Aunt Harriett? Wealthy old maid with a house down at Twickenham."

"Never heard of her," I said, "but I hope she'll leave you all her money when she dies."

"It seems to me," said Harbinson, "that she's much more likely to leave it to you."

"She can't possibly do that," I said. "She doesn't even know my name. Why on earth should she leave me money?"

"I don't know," said Harbinson, "but then I don't know why she gave you those pearl studs."

"She didn't," I said. "My wife gave them to me this morning for a birthday present."

"Oh," said Angela, "are the studs yours?"

"Not now," said Harbinson. "They were, but they aren't now. I knew them at once by the crooked scratch on the one in the middle. I made that scratch myself one night in the dark."

Harbinson is not a married man, so there is no question of his wife's character. I felt justified in asking him a further question.

"Did your Aunt steal them?"

"O, Lord, no!" said Harbinson. "She's far too rich to want to steal anything. The fact is I gave them to the Hospital at Middleburgh. They're building a new wing or something, and they got up a sort of prize drawing, lottery thing, to raise money. I didn't particularly want those studs so I presented them. I asked afterwards who'd won them, just out of curiosity, and I heard it was my own Aunt."

"Well," I said, "it may interest you to know that she took them straight to a jeweller and swapped them for a vanity bag."

"A vanity bag!" said Harbinson. "Great Scott! And the old girl can't be less than seventy!"

On the way home Angela attempted to triumph over me.

"I told you," she said, "that she didn't steal them from her husband. Now you see I was right."

"On the contrary," I said, "it turns out that I was right. I said that the man who owned the studs never gave them to his wife in exchange for a vanity bag. And he didn't."

We still occasionally argue about who was right, but not ill-temperedly.

## A MEMORY OF THE UPPER ROOM

TUBBY, having been asked some time ago by the editor of *The Road*, a quarterly magazine for girls interested in social work, to contribute something about Toc H, wrote down the reminiscence of the Old House at Poperinghe which follows. The Editor of *The Road*, an old friend of Toc H, has gladly given permission for it to be reprinted here, and we do so with the conviction that anything which adds to the story of the Old House is welcome to members and ought to be preserved among us.

“LET us take the Road” proclaims the chorus of cut-throats in *The Beggar’s Opera*, and from all that I have seen of it the advice is good. *The Road* was born in the same office,\* high up above the Strand, in which Toc H began anew in 1919. I saw its first number “put to bed,” and remember even then reflecting that whatever its early struggles, it had a name that could not be improved upon. On a lower floor, *The Universe* had its home. They were kindly folk, good neighbours with the loan of time-tables and paste, but what a name! To borrow scissors from the Universe seemed to be blasphemy. But *The Road*—there is magic and melody in the title; a pinch of danger; a full measure of freedom, hardihood and deliberate duty; a sound of feet in step and snatches of song and laughter dying at a quick command; and then once more the plodding on together, with never a whisper of the weariness within. To me there is but one Road, and that—the road to Ypres.

For four long years I lived on it, watching its every change. I knew it in almost every mood of war, from the time when its trees were first flecked with the iron spray of early shelling, until only their scarred trunks told where their beauty had once been. I saw its *pavé*, built and broken, and re-built again remorselessly by men old enough to be the fathers of the fighting men who swung along it with a jest on their lips and a certain tense foreknowledge in their hearts. It was their marching as much as anything that taught us that their memory could never be truly told in static stone or brass. Only a Movement (which Toc H truly is) can convey the vision of their valour.

Literally millions went by this one way; and over a quarter of one million did not live to re-pass it homeward, but there laid down Brother Body at the bidding of stern Brother Death. Of two who did so, this that follows is a glimmer of light upon the story of their spirit one towards another.

Early in 1916, I first met Harold Philbey. I did so with interest, as I had often heard of him. “A rising soldier” was the official attitude. “A good friend to padres” was a verdict which caught my mind. A few months later he was second in command, and then, for a while, Commanding. He was a topic with the “Cat and Cabbages” (The York and Lancs) and their well-being his single motive for work, and thought behind it, and prayer behind that again.

In March, 1916, I heard from him: a terse, half-humorous remonstrance. Four men, one of them his own old platoon sergeant, had been before Christmas half-prepared for their Confirmation. Then the Brigade padre had been transferred, and the men disappointed. Philbey had come across this fact, and could not tolerate it. The men must fulfil their aspiration; and therefore, as they

\* Effingham House, Arundel Street, at that time the offices of *The Challenge*, which has since ceased publication.

knew very little as yet of the ordered Christianity of the Prayer book (and, even in the war sudden hands must be laid on no man) he had them sent to the transport lines, whence they were to report to me daily for instruction until their Confirmation could be completed. I was to see to this matter without fail. They could be spared from the Line meanwhile.

So the four came to me daily, led solemnly in by Sergeant Hazelhurst ; and I did my best with their difficulties. Ten thousand difficulties don't make one Single Doubt, and in some three weeks they were ready and I proud of my pupils. On May 17 they were, with a hundred more, presented to Bishop Gwynne, and confirmed in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe.

That evening, when the others had perforce dispersed, I had succeeded (by intrigue with the Transport Officer) in keeping them as my guests. We were to have one last class, in preparation for their first Communion on the morrow ; after which they were to go straight back and up the line to their battalion. Supper being ended, and the House otherwise empty, we climbed once more into the Chapel at about 9.15 p.m. We began upon our final class, gathered in a knot of consecrated friendship before the side altar. After a while I stood and turned to talk with them.

Suddenly through the further window, a low semi-circle, I saw the horizon glow with flame and fury, as against the dull monotony of star shells, which marked the sullen curve of the Salient night by night. Something on a narrow sector was happening, and happening hard. We all walked towards the window to watch, and as we stood there, I felt Sergeant Hazelhurst's iron grip upon my arm. " I don't like it, Sir," he said, " I don't like it." It must have been about that moment that Harold Philbey died.

We did not know it till the morning. After their first Communion at 6.30, and after breakfast, they were saying good-bye in their bluff Yorkshire way, when a man came down from the transport lines to tell us. It had been a raid, and a costly one. The men were wanted at once ;—and Major Philbey ?—Yes. Then Hazelhurst broke down. Philbey had been his subaltern, and a subaltern is his first Sergeant's son in the spirit. So this great dalesman stood there, denouncing and arraigning the God he had just agreed to serve, of whose sacred food he had just partaken, whose love and strength were his. I honoured him for his outcry and for his anger, and I think God did so too. So they left me, three scared men and one outraged great-heart, and I have never seen them again.

Hazelhurst, as he would have wished, was killed a week later, and Pte. Wyard not long after him. The fate of the other two lads, L-Cpl. Field and Cpl. Hollies, I cannot conjecture. The original paper bearing their names for Confirmation hangs now against the dark panels of an aisle in All Hallows. But their story till now was secret, a thing too sacred to be told, and therefore set aside so long that it now finds a most unlikely channel from my mind into print. Philbey and Hazelhurst had by birth and boyhood no single point in common, but what matters that to true men and true women too ? The Road, where faithfulness meets duty, welded their lives together, and what Life began to manifest, Death fulfilled, and Grace transfigured.

It is a strange story enough to invade these pages, elsewhere so blithe and forward looking. But the present-day youth will get no further with the tremendous tasks that fall to them, if they forsake all thought of those into whose deaths they were, by the logic of history, baptised. To "look on martyrs as mistakes," argues a temper of insouciance which will leave the world unlovely, and its social outlook unredeemed. It is not meet that an age of youthful sacrifice without its parallel in history should be succeeded by an age of youthful cynicism and folly. The present brood of youngsters is probably as good as those that have preceded it. But this is not enough. It must be exceptional in its output and grasp, in its vision and allegiance, if it is to play its amazing role at all.

The life of the world is, under God, upheld by the unknown and unnumbered men and women, heroes and heroines, who serve their fellows and so learn to love them. This is the true sequence : for only a few are driven in the first place by love to service. To-day, the junior servants of mankind are depleted as never before, and the note more dominant than ever is that of the main chance. The Philbeys and Hazelhursts died childless, and unless they have spiritual sons and daughters to-day, their outlook is outworn indeed. Let *The Road* and Toc H see to it that it is not so.

" For they who died, lest all that's good  
And beautiful and brave and free,  
Should sink in Hell's obscurity—  
These claim you in a Brotherhood.  
The lot is fall'n, O child, to you  
To finish all they had to leave,  
And by their sacrifice achieve  
The manifold desires they knew."





## A LITTLE ROUTE MARCH

**T**HEOPHILUS GRIMSTON BROWN, known to the members of his Branch as "Grim," found himself in the City of London on a Saturday afternoon—alone and at a loose end. During the morning he had, to some small extent, broked tea in Mincing Lane, and at 1 p.m. he had broken bread and other things (to a considerable extent) at his City lunch-club. At 4.42 p.m. he was to meet his wife at Liverpool Street Station, so that golf or the greenhouse at Penge were out of the question. How was he to occupy two hours to advantage?—for Grim was no idle fellow. He had diligently read his July Toc H JOURNAL over lunch and had remarked the announcement, among the arrangements for the Birthday Festival, that members would march from All Hallows to Southwark Cathedral for the Thanksgiving on December 20. He was a little shy at the prospect (for he hated being conspicuous) and wondered what they would do if it rained. But now an idea suddenly struck him—Why not go over "the route" beforehand? Somebody always does before a Royal procession (and this might be a Royal procession—who knows?) He would do it in a business-like way—as indeed he did everything in life—would make a slow-march of it, counting the paces and the minutes, and would report his findings to the Birthday Committee.

In point of fact, Grim did go over the route that Saturday afternoon, but he afterwards hesitated to commit his findings to paper. He communicated them to me, as a member of the Committee, last week, after dinner and in the seclusion



of his own garden. I have no comment to make save that Grim is a middle-aged City man, inclined to baldness and a bow-windowed figure; he is much respected in his own suburb as a man of solid parts and is a most faithful, if unobtrusive, member of his Branch of Toc H. Unlike his namesake of nursery literature, he has a high regard for truth and no imagination, as will appear from the artless narrative which I set down as far as possible in his own words. It would be a tempting task to embroider it with many notes, but I have refrained from more than a very few. And I have added a date or two in the margin, as well as I could.

#### GRIM'S STORY.

"Help yourself," said Grim, pushing a basket of strawberries across the grass within reach of my chair. "They're about the last of the season. Well, I won't try to explain; I'll just tell you what happened. I decided to start at the very beginning of the route, so, when I left the Bakers' Hall where I always lunch, I walked up the lane and down Byward Street on to Tower Hill. There didn't seem to be a soul about, it was very sultry, and I'd had a glass of port after lunch—so I had to pull myself together so as not to miss anything. I had forgotten that there was so much grass on the hill, quite high with cow-parsley in it; there  
Before History Began. was a wonderful show of foxgloves round the oaks, but, of course, under the big beeches it was all bare and brown." "I often pass Tower Gardens," I interrupted, "but I never noticed—" "Wait a bit," went on Grim "I'm telling you. I sat down under that old thorn-tree on the brow of the hill facing the River—you know, and pulled a piece of bracken to keep the flies off. I couldn't see up or down stream because of the guelder-roses and willows that go down to the water's edge on both sides, but it made a nice little picture—the bumpy grass slope, ending in a shallow full of reeds where a fellow, in a brown shirt and no bags, was watering a couple of cows. In mid-stream a youngster, stripped to the waist, was salmon-fishing with a net out of a coracle—a flimsy looking craft, like a big vegetable-dish made of osiers caulked with pitch. The water was broken all round him, and I saw a grand fish jump—twenty-pounder at least. Of course the South shore is all marsh and pretty pestilential, they say, but it looked really jolly, with all the sedge shivering in the wind and turning the silver side of its leaves up in the sun; at the back of beyond I could just see the deep blue Kentish downs. I watched a flight of wild duck and some snipe (I think they must have been) and listened to the bittern booming away in the bog—and then I suppose I must have nodded. . . .

Anyway when I came to look again I couldn't see the foreshore at all—they had built a pretty stout wall across it, running up to a regular bastion on the green camp-mound of the Tower. And they had cut down most of the underwood on the right  
A.D. 297. so that I could see London Bridge—the little old timber-trestle that Caesar's R.E. threw across. When a trumpet sounded the "Cook-house" or something up on the Tower-mound I thought I would stroll over and have a look. There were some stone steps sticking zig-zag out of the wall and I decided to risk them. When I got to the top—heavy work for a figure like mine—I nearly fell off into the River. For I bumped right into a fellow sitting up there in a sunny corner of the battlement scouring a piece of armour. "Gor a pass?" he said with a grin. I was quite put off, fished about and found nothing to offer him but my season-ticket on the Southern Railway. "That's no good," he said. "You can't go any further, but you can sit here if you like. This is a rotten war;" he went on "no proper fighting in it—I'm fed up with this everlasting 'Army of Occupation' business.

I enjoy a good scrap or I like cushy billets in a town where you can have a warm tavern every night and a good show once a week. But this London is neither one thing nor the other. The wine here is—ugh! and we used to get far better shows in the arena at Verona where I was quartered before. As for fighting, the Legion never does a big ‘push,’ as they say it used to, into a new bit of country with plenty of loot. It just does police work, showing mutineers about. That’s the worst of these blamed foreigners—you can’t trust ‘em. Take that Belgian chap, Carausius; our government made him a full admiral and all that—and what did he do? Why, set up shop here in London on his own as ‘Divine Caesar,’ until one of his own people did him in.

And then our chaps got busy. I was with the first Expeditionary Force that landed last year. You’ll remember the scrap down South when we beat this scum of Franks and Britons all to a frazzle. We didn’t take any prisoners, of course, but a whole lot bolted as soon as the action started and got back over that bridge” (pointing to the wooden trestle across the Thames) “hours in front of our chaps and shot up



half the town before we finally got them. They’re mostly quiet enough now, but they play up now and again. See that bonfire?” the soldier added ruefully, jerking a thumb towards blackened timbers on the edge of Tower Hill, “That was the *Great Hercules*, my favourite pot-house, and these British swine burnt it last week. But I got my own back, broke a sword against a fellow’s backbone and splashed my armour a good bit. I’m getting the stains off now, because our old man (Asclepiodatus, you know) is having an inspection to-morrow.”

(Note 1)

I don’t know how long I sat on the wall. I must have been day-dreaming, for when I looked round at last the soldier was gone. And something very confusing was beginning to

A.D. 857.

happen. Men with bows in their hands were scrambling up the wall beside me, women and children were rushing hither and thither, all over Tower Hill, and in and out among the many houses of wood and wattle which shut in the landward view all round. The River tide was running up strongly and I saw all the water beyond the Tower-mound broken white by long boats under oar and sail. I heard one woman screaming above the din on Tower Hill—“Lord deliver us! The Danes!” I had no bow in my hand—and I am a poor shot at best. I’ve always heard that you can’t trifle with the Danes—they’re a crowd of real toughs. Panic is suddenly infectious—I slithered down the wall and ran up over the hill for my life. (Note 2)

The commotion at my back died down as I ran. I used to do pretty decent time in the quarter-mile at school, but nowadays I would rather miss my train in the morning than run a hundred yards. At the corner near Mark Lane I stopped, because I was absolutely beat to the wide world. Just handy, on the left, a door stood open and there was an empty bench

A.D. 1471.

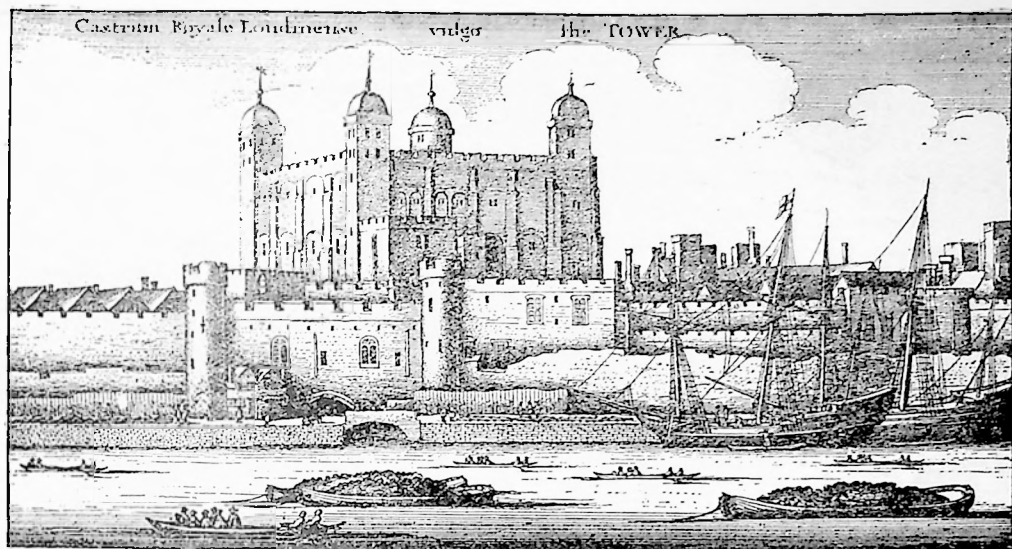
inside it: I staggered in and sat down with my head in my hands. My senses began to come back with my breath, and I was aware of monotonous singing at the other end of the place I was in. Looking up I found myself gazing the length of the most gorgeous little church, or chapel, that I’ve ever set eyes upon. I’m no good at describing things and I won’t try. The sun through coloured glass touched

the grey stone of the pillars and floor with jewels of light ; there was gold all about the altar and the carved stalls, in fine contrast to the black robes of the people who moved about the sanctuary in the light of many candles. There was a congregation of about fifty men and women, and when the service was over and these began to walk past me to the open door, I stopped a nice-looking old boy and asked him what the place was and why they were there at that time. He told me it was a chapel called " Berkyngshaw," close against " Berkyngchurche," and that King Richard had built it years before for his Lion-heart to be buried in.



So this was actually the Cœur-de-Lion Chapel at All Hallows where Toc H kept the Prince's Lamp, the Cross and the Sword !—it was hard to realise it, seeing it so lovely. And then he told me that the worshippers were mostly old friends and neighbours of a John Top-knob or Tip-cat or some such name, who had lost his head on Tower Hill the year before ; in fact they had just finished singing an anniversary mass for the repose of his soul. As we stood talking in the doorway, such a hullabaloo started in the street outside that we both went out to look. There were a lot of people mobbing about, mostly the lads of the village, cheering and singing and carrying armfuls of food. A young apprentice chap, with a ham by the bone in one hand and a great fish by the tail in the other, came laughing up to us. " What's doing ? " I said. " Ha'st na' heard ? " he answered. " The Queen may ha' beat the White Rose, but she'll not be victualled from London. We held the carts at Cripple-gate and overturned some, and broke a few drivers' heads. And now there's many a burgess will not need to buy flesh this se'nnight. " " What Queen ? " I asked, wondering. " Art a stranger, master ? " he asked in turn, no less wondering. " Say not you stand for Lancaster—— " he went on, growing serious and twirling the great ham in menace round his head. " Oh, n-no ! " I answered quickly. " Rather not "—though I hadn't the foggiest idea what his trouble was. And at that moment there was a scuffle at the corner of Mark Lane and a flash of steel, and some halberdier johnnies came out at a trot. I hate being mixed up in a street-row, with police-whistles and all that—so I stepped out smartly westward and got clear of the worst of it. (Note 3)

I thought I knew every inch of Eastcheap (Grim went on), but that afternoon I nearly lost myself in it. It's a noisy place at best, but it seemed noisier than usual, and so cluttered up with market stalls and porters with big bundles and led horses with bigger, that two miles an hour was about the speed limit for a pedestrian. Underfoot it was nearly ankle-deep in places with mud and garbage—so filthy that I made up my mind to write to the Guildhall people about it, and overhead the little old timber houses overhung so that you could almost have shaken hands across the street out of some of the top windows. But the street was certainly gayer than I've ever seen it. Instead of motor lorries hooting their way down the middle and black-coated clerks on the pavements, pretending they were hurrying on business and not just to drink morning coffee, men and women in the gayest clothes were being excessively active and yet delightfully leisurely. The sun shone on this kaleidoscope of colour and on the heaped vegetables and bright bales of cloth on the open stalls. The whole thing was more like an Italian market place than anything English. It was great fun but hot work struggling through it, and when at last I reached the end I looked round to get my bearings. The William IV statue, which ought to have been my landmark, seemed to have disappeared and on that very spot there stood a very gay-looking tavern instead. Under the sign of *Ye Boare's Hedde* a rowdyish company sat in the street playing dice and guitars and refreshing themselves—and I had a sudden impulse to follow suit, for Eastcheap had been thirsty work. An overdressed young gallant and some sailor-men made room at the bench for me, and when I hesitated as to my order, one unshaven old pirate seemed to divine my difficulty.

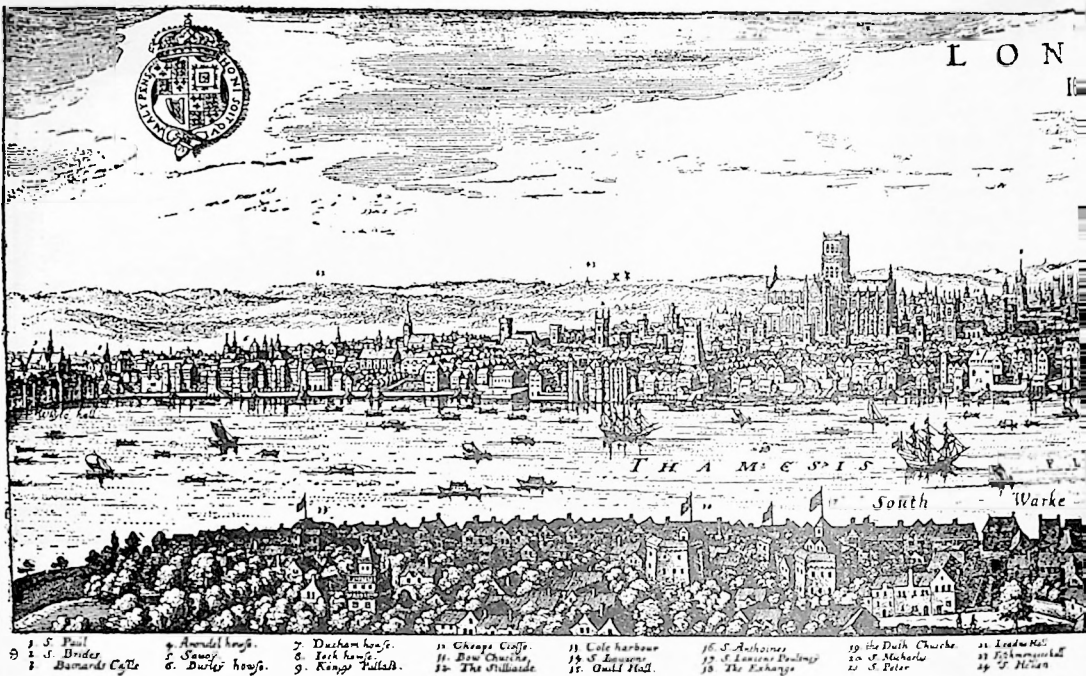


'Sack's the stuff, lad," he shouted. "Good enough for Prince Hal at this table donkey's years ago, and good enough for thee, I'll be bound." So the drawer brought sack, not only for me but a pot all round. I found it sweet, sticky stuff—a poisonous treacle, and wondered how men managed to get so rowdy on it. But, there—I'm not much of a hand at brawling, myself. The gallant was a young cub, with a mawkish Mayfair accent, and the sailors were quite marvellously, if honestly, obscene. I blame myself, as a Toc H member, for not being a better 'mixer,' but I wanted a chance to escape from my company that time. So as the landlord came by, I pulled out half-a-crown and asked to pay. He turned it over and over with a stupid curiosity, and then rang it on the table—and you know how dud this post-war silver looks and how dull it rings. "Now, go to, master," he said with a grin, "A groat we know and a noble and even a Low Country crown—but this is no honest silver. There's a deal too much outlandish money in London after the wars." Whereupon the gallant put his arm round my neck, began a maudlin speech about my being his "sweet cousin" and turned his own purse out all over the table. In a moment the sailors and the passers-by were scuffling for coins, and in the confusion I slipped through and dodged into the crowd. The last I saw of the business, as I turned down towards London Bridge, was mine hostess, who had been brought running from the inside of the tavern by the commotion, clouting one of the company over the head. (Note 4)

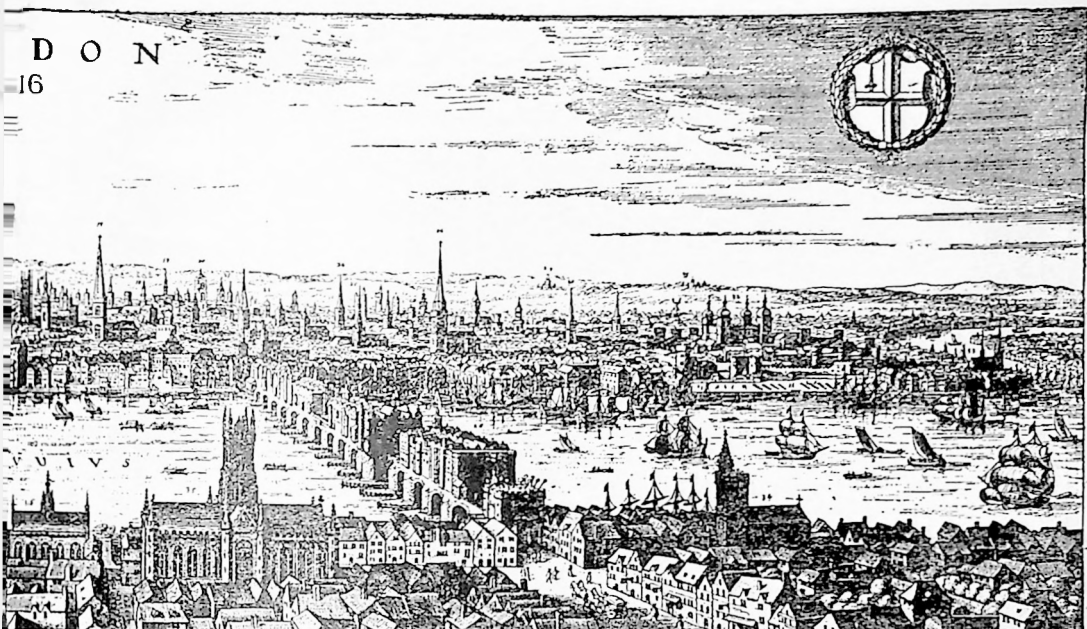
The Bridge was *very* odd that afternoon, and I didn't realise I was on it until nearly half-way across. You see there was such a jostle of foot-passengers and the funny little shops

A.D. 1598.

on both sides kept shutting the River out as the arched passage did the sky overhead. Half over there was a regular church, sticking out into the River, and beyond that I came to a drawbridge to let the sailing ships through and a wonderful building, carved from roof to pavement; a small boy who saw me looking up at it called it "Nonesuch House," but I don't really know. I still stood, in the middle of the roadway, gazing, when a shout from behind and a violent blow sent me reeling on the greasy cobbles to the side. A monstrous waggon, with two sweating horses, had as nearly as possible run me down. The waggon was piled high with splintered boards, some of them gaily painted,



and with boxes and bundles of all sizes. On the top of it all was perched a red-faced and vociferous driver, and a younger man walked at the horses' heads. The waggon lurched frightfully in the ruts, and finally came to a standstill, whereupon the driver stood right up on the load and lashed the horses, which plunged from side to side but made no headway. A man in a short green velvet jacket, who was walking beside the waggon, checked the driver eagerly. "Hey, Ben, m' heart of gold, give over!" he cried, and, turning to me a laughing pair of dark eyes, he added, "was ever such a rare choleric lad as our Ben? Lend me thy hand, Dick," he called to the younger man who had skipped out of reach of the restive team, "Easy goes all the way." Without more words he set his velvet-clad shoulder to the dirty rim of the back wheel and his two hands to the spokes, Dick took the fore wheel, I put my weight behind, and two passing lads, with long bows slung on their shoulders, chipped in. After a lot of grunting and some laughter from all of us, the waggon with its crazy load and its queer escort was on the move again. I'm not cut out nowadays for violent exercise and was considerably puffed—so I moved aside from the traffic to rest on the balustraded footway which leads round Nonesuch House and overhangs the River. The two cheery lads with bows joined me. They were city apprentices on holiday, they told me, and were off to shoot at the Butts in Newington. "That was Dick Burbage, I'll wager," said one; "Then he in the green was Master Will, surely," said the other. "And who may they be? Famous men?" I asked. "Faith, no!" answered one and "Why, yes!" the other, in the same breath. Then they explained that these were some of the Queen's Players—Dick, the son of the manager of the company, and Master Will from Stratford, and the "choleric lad" who drove the waggon they thought was a Master Jonson who was just writing a new play. And they



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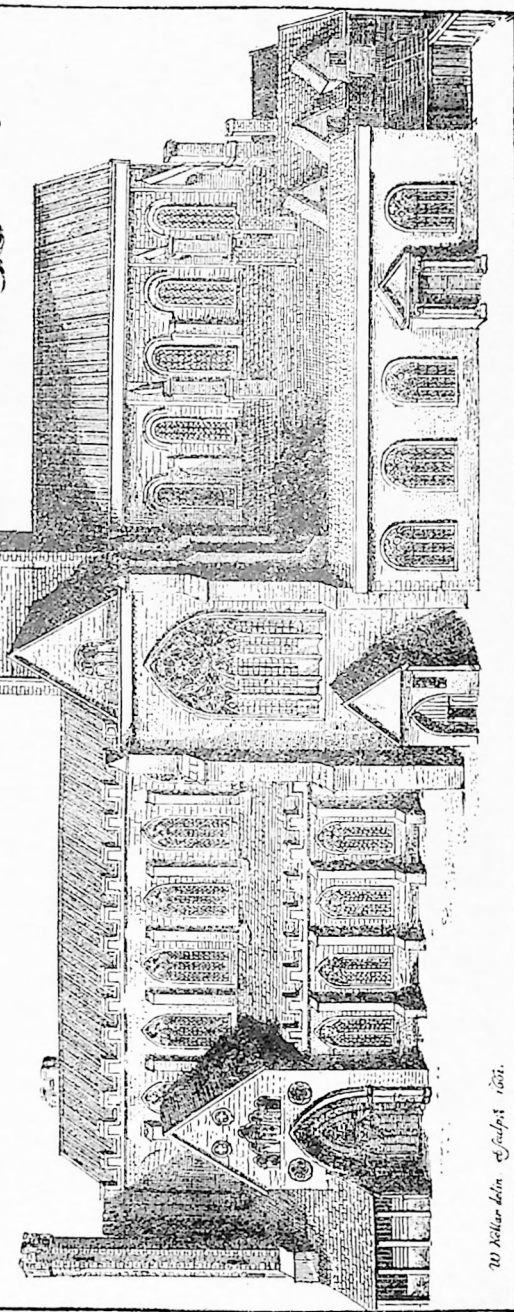
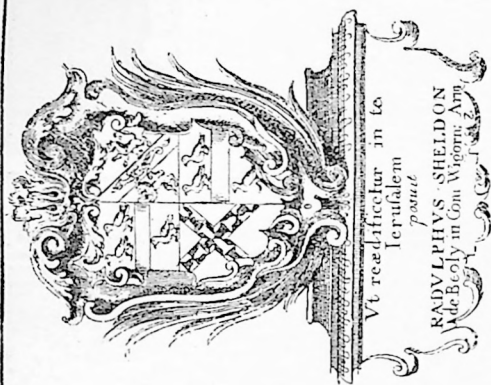
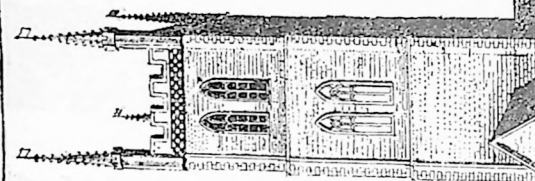
went on to tell me that the Players, a kindhearted but unruly folk, had recently had words with their landlord in Shoreditch about the rent, had ripped out their old boards from his yard, and were about to set them up again on the Bankside in Southwark. As we talked we were looking up river to the West, and they pointed out to me the spot on the South side where the new play-house was to stand. "Behind the Cathedral," said I. "Nay," answered one of the lads, "Thou'rt a stranger, it seems, The church is St. Mary Overies, and that beyond is my lord of Winchester's palace, and the next high roof is the Bear-pit, where they bait o' Sundays, and all the many trees t' other side is the Paris Garden, where Robin here and I will be drunk this night with the wenches." "Like enough," said Robin, laughing. "Save that our heads be not broken by them—for 'tis a roaring merry place, Master." So, with a very frank and civil greeting, they left me and were soon lost in the holiday crowd. I must say I liked those two lads, and I stood there quite a long time puzzling over all they had told me. (*Note 5*)

Still in a mood of abstraction I continued my way southward along the Bridge, until the road dipped steeply and landed me in a biggish open space where I expected to find London Bridge

A.D. 1766.

Station—and didn't. There were not nearly so many top-heavy timber houses to be seen on this side of the River; three-storey flat stucco fronts broken by white-framed windows, were the common rule. You don't expect much traffic, bar the usual motor-buses, on a Saturday afternoon in the Borough, but the whole place seemed full of shouting and furious driving and you couldn't make out which was pavement and which roadway. There were enormous covered farm-waggons with teams of four and five horses, high-wheeled gigs driven in and out among them by supercilious gents,







a drove of cows and another of pigs straying all over the place, and, with a rattle and a bugle-blast, a four-in-hand mail-coach took a flying run through the lot for the slope to the Bridge. I wasn't looking out and got swept into a crowd on one side which was elbowing round someone between two brass-buttoned beadles—a young chap looking very gay with ribbons in his cap and a bright nosegay of flowers in his shirt front. He carried, oddly enough, a fat prayer-book in one hand, and constantly kissed the other to the girls in the street or at the windows. "Who's our hero, ma'am?" I asked an elderly lady who was pushing with the rest. "You may well call him that, sir, for there's no sweeter nor bolder cutpurse in Town. That's Larry Larkin, that was a duke's footman and rose to be the terror of Bankside. He's killed his man, and at 4 o' the clock they hang him, lovely lad, in Horsemonger Lane. 'Twill be a fine pretty execution. Do you go with me, sir?" I suppose I must be squeamish, but I hastily excused myself and sought sanctuary in the churchyard of Southwark Cathedral—no, I mean St. Mary Overy—no, it was St. Saviour's they called it there that afternoon. Dash it all, I don't know—the whole thing is very confusing.

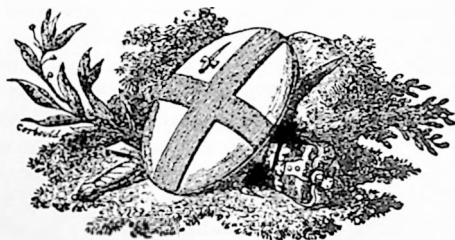
After all, this church of our Birthday Thanksgiving was my destination. Besides I hoped it might be a little quieter there—but not a bit of it! The Borough Market was in full swing, not only with potatoes and green stuff as it usually is, but with all manner of cheap-jack stalls and fortune-tellers and performing crippled children and people crying fruit and knick-knacks. A seedy looking man was propping himself in the angle of one of the church butresses, out of the hurly-burly, and I went and stood beside him. We watched the bustling scene for some minutes in silence. My attention was specially taken by a pair of men who walked slowly up and down the churchyard path, passing and re-passing us several times. The younger of the two was pale, plain but jolly-looking, rather carelessly but not badly dressed, and speaking, as I caught from the snatches which reached me, with an Irish brogue. The other (whom he constantly addressed with a half-humorous deference as "Sir" and who answered him back with the name "Goldy") was most extraordinary in appearance. He was tremendously stout and clumsily built, walked with a rolling gait, jerking his loose coat-tails about and lolling his tongue between his thick lips. At times he halted to shout quite loud with anger or laughter, and gesticulated recklessly with his walking-stick. He was wearing a tousled wig, his shoes were down at heel, his long stockings hung in wrinkles, and his brown suit was stained with food or snuff. You couldn't take your eyes off him, and you found him at the same time singularly attractive and repulsive. "As good a man as steps in London," said my seedy neighbour suddenly, more to himself than to me. "Who may that be, Sir, please?" I asked him. "The lesser of those two," he replied, turning a very mournful gaze on me. "That is Dr. Goldsmith, who was once a good friend to a poor wretch not far from where we now stand. The Doctor was a hard-pressed physician on the Bankside, and we, being yet poorer, loved him one and all for his open heart. I have schooling, Sir, but no fortune, and I fell very sick. Dr. Goldsmith tended me like a dear brother, and as I grew to health I trembled for the money which I knew I could not pay him. He made his last visit, and the same afternoon he sent his apothecary's boy to my poor lodging with yet one more box of pills "to be taken as often as required." When I opened it two golden guineas lay within. Near ten years ago, Sir, and what am I become? And what is he?—a great man. They all say his new *Vicar of Wakefield* is the talk of the Town, and so should it be, in my judgment. I broke the second of his guineas (for I treasured it up) last week to buy the book." "And who is his remarkable friend?" I asked. "Ay, Sir, you may justly say remarkable—for no man more learned and more honest lives in England. Why, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir—he that writ the lexicon a score of years since. He walks among us daily now, for he enjoys good company in Southwark. But here comes Mr. Thrale's lady from the Brewery: I warrant she fetches the Doctor to his dinner, for he is a forgetful great man

when he goes a-talking." A bustling little woman in a grey silk dress with a spotless linen cap and collar, broke into one of the elder man's vehement harangues by laying a hand on his sleeve. He whipped off his hat with a laughable gesture and stood bowed and bare-headed before her like a big, naughty boy. Dr. Goldsmith relieved the situation with some touch of wit which was lost to me, kissed the lady's hand and took his leave. The other two turned together into the confusion of the market and were soon out of sight (*Note 6*).

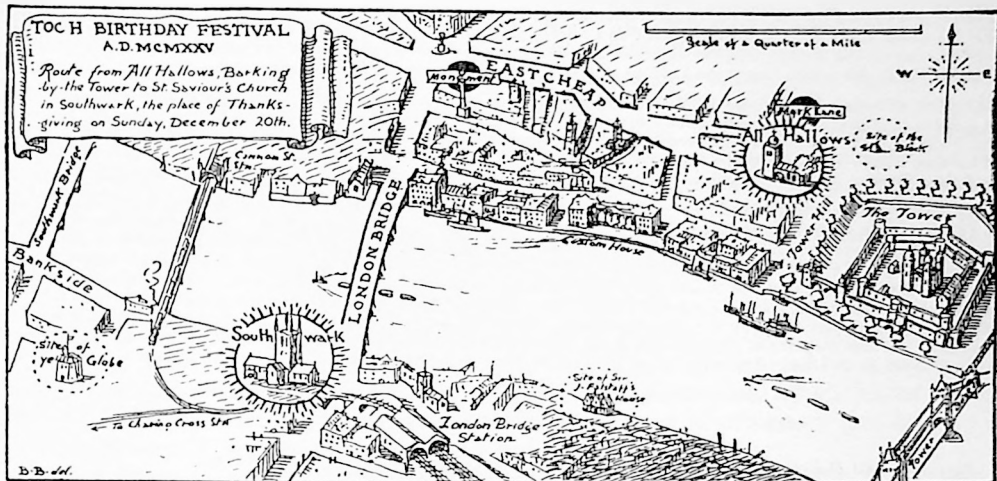
Thanking the melancholy stranger, I bade him "good day" and strolled into the church. I had only entered it once in my life before, and it had seemed to me very different then. The long clear range of pillars I had chiefly remembered was now lost in a mass of dark and dusty wood-work. High 'horse-box' pews, with only a lane between them, narrowed the nave, and above them another tier of boxes, fitted with curtains and with red cushions which bulged over the edge, obscured most of the stone-work. An unsightly organ-case hid the East window. Only the big brass candelabra which hangs in the centre, seemed familiar (*Note 7*). As I was setting off to walk round, the bell in the tower above me thudded the half-hour. I looked at my

A. D. 1925 watch—Great Scott! 4.30! There wasn't a minute to lose. I hurried out, hailed a passing taxi and drove over the Bridge to Liverpool Street. Luckily Maggie's train was a few minutes late—so I met her after all."

Grim had finished his story. He did not look at me, but sat, filling his pipe and gazing abstractedly at the round yellow moon which was rising behind the trees of his garden. I began to feel embarrassed and broke the silence in a tone that was meant to be facetious. "What a pity you couldn't have spared another half-hour!" I said, "You might have slipped round to Zoar Street and heard the tail end of one of John Bunyan's sermons, or walked along the High Street as far as the *White Hart* to listen to Jack Cade haranguing the rebel troops or to watch Sam Weller polish the boots as Mr. Pickwick passed by—or have visited the Marshalsea Prison or even got as far as the *Tabard* in time to see Chaucer's Pilgrims start for Canterbury." Grim looked at me without a smile. "I don't know about any of that," he said. "History's not my strong suit. Come in and see my wife before you go." We folded the deck chairs, picked up the empty strawberry basket, and sauntered towards the house. "What did *she* make of it all?" I asked. "Who? Maggie? Well, you see I never told her—was afraid she might think me balmy—but *you* may, if you like." If Mrs. Brown reads the *JOURNAL*, I shall have done so. B. B.



London.



#### A FEW NOTES ON GRIM'S STORY.

(1) You can't blame the soldier for missing out those parts of the story of which no Roman could be proud. Carausius may have been a half-bred foreigner, but he defied the Empire for seven years. He was made admiral of the Channel fleet, stationed at Boulogne, but when the government threatened to remove him he took the fleet to sea, landed in Britain, assumed command of the Roman troops there and ruled the country really ably. The Roman government spent much time on building a new fleet, which Carausius at once defeated, and the Emperor could do nothing but acknowledge him sovereign of Britain. Carausius was murdered by his prime minister, Allectus, in 294, and in 296 a new Roman force was sent to reconquer the lost province. The main body, under Asclepiodatus, crossed from Havre and landed somewhere West of Southampton in a fog, met the British army doing a forced march from London, and routed them. The Emperor, Constantius, made the Boulogne-Folkestone crossing, and arrived in time to enter London in triumph.

(2) The date 857 is guess-work—for the Danes visited London many times. The frightened people Grim saw obviously knew what to expect—so it can't have been the first visit. The Danes came in 819, 857 and 872 and turned London into a horrible shambles. In 992 the Londoners met them with a fleet and routed them at the mouth of the Thames, and after that six successive Danish sieges failed to take London.

(3) This part of Grim's story puzzled me a good deal, but I think I have found the clue in the Wars of the Roses. Queen Margaret of Anjou beat the Yorkists at Barnet in 1471 and sent to London for supplies for her troops; these the Londoners, who were mainly supporters of the White Rose, pillaged before the waggons got clear of the Cripplegate. And in 1470 *John Tiptoft*, Earl of Worcester and Constable of the Tower, who had founded the Guild of All Hallows five years earlier, was beheaded on Tower Hill. One of the first Wardens of the Guild, appointed by Tiptoft, was Sir John Croke, on whose tomb the Prince's Lamp now stands.

(4) I cannot date this glimpse of the *Boar's Head* tavern, except that it was "donkey's years" after the time, made famous by Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, when the Prince of Wales and Falstaff frequented it. Falstaff, whose real name was Sir John Fastolf, needs "white-washing," by the way. He was a gallant officer, who was made a scape-goat by his incompetent and defeated general, Lord Talbot. Sir John retired, after the wars, to a great house in Tooley Street, just below where London Bridge Station now stands.

(5) I hope that Grim's evidence, as an eye-witness, will be welcomed by Shakespearean scholars. He must have blundered into the year 1598 on London Bridge, for that was when James Burbage and his players (among whom was an actor-poet from Stratford-on-Avon) moved *The Theatre* from Shoreditch and re-erected it on Bankside. And in the same year Ben Jonson finished "*Every man in his humour*." For the next fourteen years, his greatest, Shakespeare was to live and write and act in Southwark; in 1607 his brother Edmund, also an actor, was buried in the Cathedral. As for *The Globe* theatre, in 1613, "by negligent discharging of a peece of ordinance close to the south side thereof, the thatch took fire and the wind sodainly desperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed." A play was going on at the time, but there were no casualties—although "one man had his breeches set on fire, which would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale." "The next spring the playhouse was newly builded in far fairer manner than before." *The Globe* itself was "put out with ale," in the end, for the site is now covered by Messrs. Barclay Perkins' brewery. As a sidelight on the state of the

roadway which held up the Players' wagon, note Samuel Pepys' experience later. He writes in his diary (Oct. 26, 1664), that his coach broke down in Southwark—"so I fain to go through the dark and dirt over the Bridge, and my leg fell in a hole broke on the Bridge, but, the constable standing there to keep people from it, I was caught up, otherwise I had broke my leg: for which mercy the Lord be praised!"

(6) This episode is easily dated by the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which appeared in 1766. Oliver Goldsmith studied medicine at Leyden in Holland, and practised for a time, unsuccessfully, on Bankside on his return in 1756. Samuel Johnson first met Henry Thrale, the Southwark brewer, in 1765. He spent a good deal of time at the brewery and was given a room of his own within a few yards of Southwark Cathedral. He took a great interest in the sale of the brewery (see Note 5) to Robert Barclay and John Perkins. At the time that Grim saw them Goldsmith was 38 and Johnson 57 years of age.

(7) The original church, built in the early seventh century, was named St. Mary Overy (no one really knows why); in 1540 the dedication was changed to St. Saviour's, though the old name long persisted. It was then (and had always been) in the diocese of Winchester—hence the bishop's palace next door which the apprentices pointed out to Grim from London Bridge. In 1877 it was transferred to the diocese of Rochester, and in 1905, when the diocese of Southwark was formed, it became the cathedral of Bishop Talbot, the father of Edward, Neville and Gilbert. The church, with its monstrous wood-work, remained as Grim saw it until 1830. In that year the roof of the nave was found to be unsafe, and (there being no money to repair it) was taken down. The walls decayed so fast that nine years later they too were demolished. In this disgraceful condition the great church remained until in 1890 the present fine nave was begun—to be finished seven years later. The choir comes down to us from the 13th century.

#### A NOTE OR SO ON THE PICTURES.

Page 235. *All Hallows' Church*, seen from the N.W. From a drawing by A. A. Moore, 1923.

Page 237. *Gold medal* (here produced actual size) found at Beaurains, near Arras, in 1922. It was struck to celebrate the return of Britain to the Roman Empire in 296 (see Note 1 above). One side shows the portrait of the Emperor Constantius (whose son, Constantine, made Christianity the official religion of the Empire), with the inscription *FL(AVIVS) VAL(ENTINVS) CONSTANTIVS NOBIL(IS) CAES(ar)*. The reverse shows Constantius riding over the bridge to the gates of London (the oldest picture of London in existence), while Britannia kneels to receive him. Below is one of the beaked ships from Boulogne, with four helmeted soldiers in it and the steersman crouching in the stern. The inscription round reads *REDDITOR LVCIS AETERNAE*—"Restorer of the eternal light" (of Roman rule). Below the gate is inscribed *RON (dinium)*, and at the bottom are the letters *PTB (vercussa Treveri)*—i.e. "struck at the Treves mint".

Page 238. *Richard Coeur-de-Lion* kneeling with his sheathed sword in his hand: in the background the Tower of London and a ship setting sail for the Crusades. The legend is *The heart of Richard—the heart of a Lion*. (Richard's heart was finally buried in Rouen Cathedral, not in All Hallows'. Design by A. A. Moore, used as a poster at All Hallows' Church.

Page 239. *The Tower of London* in the 17th century, one of a set of four engravings on copper by Wenzel Hollar (the first of this set is of "S. Marie Ouer's in Southwarke" and is dated 1647). Wenzel Hollar was born in Prague (a "Czechoslovakian," in modern terms) in 1607. After working in various German cities he was brought to England in 1636 by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, a fine patron of art. Hollar engraved a great variety of English landscapes, including many London scenes, in a most delicate and truthful manner. He was hard-working, very good-hearted, and died poor in 1677. (The original from which this reproduction has been made, like those on pp. 240 and 241, 242, 244, is in the editor's collection.)

Pages 240 and 241. View of London in 1616, taken from the South side of the Thames, by Nicholas John Visscher (born at Amsterdam in 1580). The Tower is on the right, and the second pointed spire on the left (or West) of it is the All Hallows of those days. The great church in the centre of the city is, of course, Old St. Paul's—minus the tall spire which had been destroyed by a fire in 1561. The second gap from the near (or South) end of London Bridge shows where the narrow drawbridge went up and down to let ships pass, and the fine building behind this gap is Nonesuch House: on the south gate of the bridge are exhibited the heads of those executed. In the foreground is St. Mary Overy (Southwark Cathedral—see Note 7 above), just west of it the Bishop of Winchester's palace, and further west still the Globe Theatre, the Bear-Pit, and on the left, among the trees of the "Paris Garden," the Swan Theatre.

There are many panoramas of London drawn from this same point of view. The Dutchman, Van Wyngaerde, for instance, made a famous drawing (now in the Bodleian at Oxford) in 1543, showing the spire of St. Paul's still standing. Wenzel Hollar (see Note above) engraved several, one of London on fire in 1666, one of the same view after the fire, and a huge panorama, some 8 feet long, taken from the top of Southwark Cathedral Tower in 1647. Recently Mr. E. H. New has made a large and beautiful pen drawing of the same view of London in the present day.

Page 242. "*Prospect of St. Mary Overy, formerly a conventual church, from the South*," engraved by Wenzel Hollar in 1661. It shows the old nave and S.W. porch, the rest much as it is to-day. (This is not, of course, the engraving of 1647 mentioned in the previous note.)

Page 244. *Tailpiece*—the arms of London (red cross and Wat Tyler's dagger), with the City sword and mace. Engraved upon wood by George James Corbould (1786–1846). He was apprenticed to James Heath, a famous line engraver of his time, and worked somewhat in the manner of the great Thomas Bewick (1753–1828) who revived engraving upon wood, an almost lost art which has since had a great history.

## JOBMASTERY—VIII. CAMPING

*This "LETTER TO A PROSPECTIVE CAMPWORKER" was written several years ago by Padre HUTCHINSON, of Woolwich, for issue to the public school and 'Varsity men who were coming for the first time to help him with his boys' camp at Norman's Bay. It has recently been reprinted among the pamphlets\* of the Bishop of Southwark's Council for work among Adolescents, but we believe that too many camp workers all over the country will welcome its re-publication in the JOURNAL. Many who read it here will not be men of the particular upbringing to whom the letter was primarily addressed, and some may differ from it on the details, for instance, of religious practice, but in its spirit and its common sense they will find themselves on common ground.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

So you are coming down to Camp this year. That really is splendid news ; as soon as your O.T.C. show is over, you will come down and join us. We shall be in full swing by then. You will find it extraordinarily different from the O.T.C. Camp—just about as different as can be. I really envy you hugely ! One's first Boys' Camp is a thing not to be forgotten.

I went down many years ago to the London Working Boys' Camp at Bexhill. I was not too anxious about going, rather bored if anything at the prospect, with the fixed intention of running away at the first possible moment. . . . I went every year for fifteen years, and put in every possible week-end during the summers and all my holidays. That immense field, covered with boys at play, the tents encircling it, the little bit of crumbling cliff leading down to the beach, the crowd of bathers, and the old blue sea—I shall never forget the old Gap !

And the boys ! . . . Their friendliness, their kindness, their humour, their sincerity ! It was a new world for me, a world in which I found I had a place and a job. Well, that's that . . . and I did not start out to give you my sentimental reminiscences.

### VARIETIES OF EXPERIENCE.

You ask me about Camp—what it is like, and what we are aiming at—and want me to give you a few tips as to how to go on down there. First, what we aim at. Your life has been so different from the life of the working-class boy, and more wildly different still from that of the Institution boy. You are hardly out of your green-sickness yet, but you perhaps remember the years that lie between fourteen and sixteen, and the storm and stress you experienced, even with the outward surroundings of your life flowing on unchanged and undisturbed. You were the storm centre—you were conscious of changed values, of new possibilities, new powers, and new curiosities ; of the emergence of a new world around you—alluring, attractive, dangerous. The world had not changed, however, but you had changed or were changing. The Universe seemed to be rocking because you experienced certain difficulties of equilibrium ! You were impatient of the old ways—the thing that was impossible was the thing you knew ; the life which was intolerable was the life to which you were accustomed. Do I exaggerate ? . . . I think not.

\*Copies (2d. each) may be obtained from the Rev. S. G. Hooper, Bishop's House, Kennington Park, S. E.

Friendship you desired. You formed ties of the most romantic, however inarticulate ; of a new kind, touched with a new light of romance. You did not know people could be quite so wonderful. Your life gave you the opportunity to develop this new genius for friendship—you desired change. You had it. Protracted holidays in the country ; at the sea ; on the Broads, when you could always bring a chosen friend with you ; the crowded many-coloured background of the life of a great School. These things gave you the space and leisure for youth's adventure.

Now, growing up is the same process for the working-class boy, but what is his case ? With a new sense for the splendour and beauty of life, life closes round him, grey, monotonous, disenchanting. To leave school with the beginnings of inspired relationships just touched with the new glamour, seems to him such a desirable venture. It is a change to which he reacts with enthusiasm—it is the Going Forth of Youth, with all the promise of high adventure, of change and freedom. . . . It is a bad business, John, because this promise is not fulfilled—it is nothing like that at all. Instead of satisfying these instincts we only drive them into other channels, in this horror of industrialism. When he wants change, he gets put down to the most soulless repetitive tasks that ever a human being has been called upon to perform ; when he has unconsciously a sense for beauty, life at its ugliest envelops him ; when he feels crowned with a new individuality, of which he is painfully conscious, he becomes a negligible cog in the wheels of a vast machine. What a background for friendships, what a background for ideas ! What is he to think about God and about himself ?

Life ultimately settles round him complex but dull—unless the boy rebel and break out in some way : either openly by lawlessness, or by the secret way of hidden curiosities. The sense of adventure drifts entirely away from life ; Romance recedes, and over the grime and smoke of a great town the faint flute note sounds very far away. The " Pictures " and all the outward circumstances tend to accustom the disillusioned boy to " look on " at life rather than participate in it.

### THREE REASONS FOR CAMPING.

Now, camping in the very widest sense, which includes the great Scout Movement, is a Divine inspiration for the liberation of Boyhood from this prison-house that we have been blindly bricking it up in. We camp, then, for three great reasons :—

1. To satisfy a boy's instinct for first-hand experience.
2. To show him what life is really like and indicate its possibilities lest he should acquiesce in industrialism.
3. To teach him the plain, true things about God and himself, *i.e.*, that God has made him fearfully and wonderfully, and placed him in a world of amazing beauty, lest he should hold God to be responsible for man's muddle of the social order, and further that he can only find himself and " make his soul " in community with others. In short, the three reasons amount to this : we take him to Camp (1) to make a man of him ; (2) to make a rebel of him, by giving him a

foretaste of the Kingdom ; (3) to make him desire to know, love and serve the King in his Glory.

These seem to me to be the principles at the back of all camping. Now as to practice of camping. . . . Once the principle of it is established, there are Camps of two kinds—very different, but with a great deal to be said for both.

#### TRAMPING.

The first kind, which is, perhaps, the purest kind of camping of all, is just the small camp or tramping party. A few boys under a wise leader, with the road beneath them and the sky above them. They have the whole world at their feet. Perhaps they shall rest at one place, by a stream for preference, or climb some high hill and sleep beneath the stars, and see in the morning the mists rising gradually from the chequered fields below them.

They will observe the life of country people and talk with labourers and shepherds. If they are of my habit of mind, they will stick to the roads (as a rule). "On the roads of England," says genial old Borrow, "there is always adventure to be found." I have always found it to be true. Tinkers, pedlars, tramps of all kinds, each with something to contribute, something to teach. There can be a sharing of life if you travel by road. You can walk a mile with this tall, gaunt fellow searching for work, and perhaps share your bread and cheese with him. This russet-faced old man making a hedge will have a fund of recondite wisdom to impart as he lays down his work and talks to us. I can think of hundreds of conversations with chance-met folk that have delighted me and enriched my experience, and deepened my love of men. Boys will love to listen to such talks, and will join in and contribute illuminating suggestions.

Further, boys always like to attempt the hard thing (the normal boy)—the stiff climb—the night walk. Town boys tend to grow timorous, but your best type of lad will ask for hard tasks and respond joyfully.

There are, however, outside the Scout Movement, not many men who will undertake tramping ventures of this kind. Your Worker is generally a business man or a hard-worked clergyman, and often enough his outing with the boys has to be his own holiday too—or, at any rate, part of it—so the more strenuous forms of camping are not likely to be undertaken by many.

#### CAMPS—SMALL AND BIG.

A small party from a club or mission can have a very good time by pitching a tent or two in some suitable spot—preferably near the sea ; but it should be remembered that the leader should be a man of real experience, and something of an organiser. Even a small Camp needs a lot of forethought ; and a definite routine must be carried out if once you settle down to a standing Camp. A slovenly little Camp is bad for everybody. Personally, I am rather in favour of grouping parishes or clubs for camp purposes—I should like to see the organisation of Camps worked out on Deanery lines. Within the group of parishes comprising a Deanery there should be enough experience to run a Camp—and there are some lessons, and very precious ones, that can be learnt from such co-operation.

The other kind of camping is the kind of which I have the most experience



—the big Camp—which is not pure camping at all. It is a kind of essay in community life—very important to the town child—and when there is equipment and experience one cannot help making the family as big as can be reasonably and usefully dealt with.

There is a lot to be said for the big Camp. Such a lot of the boys' work in town parishes is closely compartmented—a boy's Priest or Club Worker has a little intimate group of boys around him with whom he leads a kind of common life, in which group there is the same currency of thought and speech, and it isn't a bad thing for them to become merged into a larger life under the conditions of a great Camp. The worker will see his boys in competition with others, contrasted with others, and will find himself among a group of men of all kinds who work for boys, from whom he is bound to learn much.

In a Camp like ours, from the thrilling moment when the boys arrive they are drafted into companies under leaders, and competitions in Camp routine and in all kinds of games begin. Into this life of games and routine you will plunge. It is so obvious and so natural—the discipline is the simplest thing in the world, because we are a big family and selfishness stands out in its primeval anti-social hideousness.

#### RELIGION IN CAMP.

It will surprise you, too, how natural it seems to go daily to God's Altar, "Even the God that giveth joy to my youth," and how natural it seems to turn from such worship and race down the beach and glorify the God of our joy and gladness by a plunge into His wonderful sea. It is a *whole* life, John—work and play and worship, all merged into an astonishing unity such as I have called "the foretaste of the Kingdom."

Camp is the great Evangelistic opportunity in our work for boys. It is such a natural part of the life of a Camp. The boys will, often enough, never have had such a chance of seeing religion in its right relation to life—it is not a specialised department for temperamental people, but the very core and centre of all healthy and happy living.

It is not confined to Sunday, but belongs to every day and all the days. We encourage frequent Communion, and it is good to have somebody among the boys at the daily celebrations to direct their thoughts and prayers—to make a little commentary on what is happening—so long as there is not too much direction and the boys are left opportunities to speak to our Lord in their own way.

Of course, on Saturday nights there will always be a general preparation for Communion, and a general act of recollection in the prayers at night. It is important to remember, that we want the boys to form a habit of private prayer while in Camp, and to foster in every way their friendship with God. So there must not be *too* much direction. I tell you these things, because I know you are as much interested in the religious opportunity of Camp as I am.

On Sunday nights we always have an informal Camp service. We practise hymns—and it is a good thing to teach boys while in Camp one or two good, new hymns, that will be a joy to them to remember and associate with Camp in after

life. Also acts of worship such as the following may be learnt from frequent repetition :—

Heart of Jesus, think of me ; Eyes of Jesus, look on me ; Hands of Jesus, bless me ; Arms of Jesus, enfold me ; Feet of Jesus, guide me ; Body of Jesus, feed me ; Jesus, make me grow like to Thee ; Make me for ever Thy most loving son.

*Or this Paraphrase of St. Patrick's Prayer :*

Be Thou always Above me to sustain me ; Before me to guide me ; Round above me to protect me ; Within me to strengthen me ; After me to forgive me—Now and always. AMEN.

So come down to Camp—I shan't worry a lot about you. You'll fall on your feet all right—you'll love "the Staff," composed of all sorts of people from admirals to unemployed, and you will fall into your job, just as everybody else does.

#### A FEW "DON'TS" FOR CAMPERS.

I used to issue a list of hints to officers in Camps called "Don'ts for Officers," until one man said they frightened him so much that I withdrew them. However, I will reproduce a few for you (the least alarming) :—

1. It is to be remembered that most boys are curiously susceptible to interest and affection, from which it would follow that restraint and certain discipline is absolutely necessary in our dealings with them.

2. Don't walk about with your arm around boys' necks.

3. Don't make favourites or have boys that you "can't stand."

4. Don't make a clique of boys about you.

5. Don't try to be "popular" with boys. A crowd of men all trying to be popular is most tiresome.

6. When you give an order see that it is carried out.

7. Remember that your lightest words, often enough, are recorded and discussed by the boys, and unfairness, impatience and sarcasm never pass unnoticed but are chalked up against you in a boy's heart.

8. Don't promise to write letters to everybody. See who writes to you, then do your part when Camp is over. Be careful not to promise to write and then either fail to do so or drop a correspondence once started.

9. Don't keep referring things to the Commandant—make your own decisions and only bring questions of principle to him.

10. Don't commit yourself too much with the first boy who beams upon you or carries your bag from the station. The most obvious boys are not to be encouraged.

11. Remember that you stand to gain more than the boys in many ways from Camp relationships—they give a lot more than we do.

12. Finally, lest you should be alarmed, remember that there are really no rules at all in this Camp business . . . as Bernard Shaw says : "The golden rule is that there is *no* golden rule."

And now good luck to you, until I see you crossing the incomparable field with a little group of boys around you.

Yours ever,

CAMP COMMANDANT.

## THE LONDON TOC-ACHER

(*To the tune of "The Lincolnshire Poacher."*)

When I left School for livelihood, I found all life a school,  
And wore black clothes to business, according to the rule.  
Then I took up Toc-aching, as you shall shortly know—  
And my great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

An office chap, he took me there, a solid sort of bloke,  
Who wore a black and amber tie, and smoked before he spoke.  
He ran some street-Arabian club, and learned 'em heel and toe—  
And his great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

We found a Mark a-mustering, and supper one and six,  
No stranger could get flustered, they're the kind of men that mix.  
Our waiter was the Warden (Hon.), a Senior in my Co.—  
And his great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

We drifted to the big Club-room, and found it full of chaps,  
Who stood awhile around the Lamp, then sat on chairs (perhaps!).  
One neighbour was a journalist: the other called me "Bo"!—  
But his great delight was a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

And then stood up a Jobmaster—I thought they dealt with gees—  
To say he wanted volunteers for this and that thing, please.  
So soon I caught the spirit of a crowd I didn't know—  
Whose great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

An M.P. man "Poy" parodies, got up and took the floor,  
He seemed to know a thing or two—or even three or four.  
I didn't hold with all he said, but—life is hard below,  
And his great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

I've left my digs behind me now, and live in Mark umpteen,  
I've ceased to think men hypocrites, and parsons merely green.  
I sport a black and amber tie, and have some Scouts in tow—  
And my great delight is a good Guest-night, with a bit bronze Lamp aglow.

In two years' time I'm overseas—Karachi or Ceylon,  
I'll not regret Staff Managers I don't go much upon.  
I'll gladly quit the ledger-life, but whereso'er I go,  
I'll not forget the men I met, where the bit bronze Lamp's aglow.

TUBBY.

## A MIXED MAIL-BAG

THE following letter, which we print with the omission of names of persons and places, was addressed on May 18 to the Registrar by a correspondent hitherto unknown to us. H.Q. heard in January that a member of M—— Branch, whose name we did not then know, had already helped with 70 pension cases in this way, and had been instrumental in getting £1,150 allocated to the men concerned: since then the cases have grown to 90 and the amount to £1,800. Possibly members in other places will find chances of service in the same direction:—

May I tender to your society my heartfelt thanks for the work done by your M—— and District Pensions Advocate, Mr. H. D——, who successfully substantiated my claim for pension after I had been turned down by the medical boards as not entitled, and who appeared in the role of Toc H Advocate on March 13/25 at N——, and after fighting the Court almost two hours succeeded in obtaining for me a pension of 100 per cent., without which to-day I would have been in a precarious position. I had to relinquish my position owing to ill-health (gas-poisoning, chlorine). If you will allow me to state here, your society is carrying out to the letter what it professes to do, *i.e.*, spreading the Gospel without preaching it, for this particular member of yours met me in the streets of M—— on August 10, and I was real bad with a gas attack, and, although quite a stranger to me, came up and helped me, and that without asking. He visited me at my home, got all particulars of my case, and, as previously stated, went to N—— and won my case.

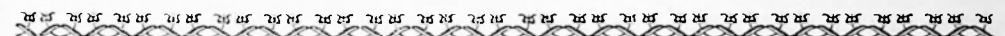
My case is not an isolated case either. I have seen documents of numerous cases which your member has substantiated, and have personal knowledge of one case which was handed over to him by my own doctor after the local representative of —— had failed. Although unemployed he makes no charge for his services, but places himself entirely at the disposal of pensioners.

May I state that both medical and legal members of the tribunals and the chief of the Pension staff, Mr. R——, who was in the Court, treat Mr. D—— with every courtesy and recognise him as your society's advocate.

Please accept my sincere thanks for what Toc H has done for me. May God bless you for what I term practical Christianity.

Yours sincerely,

J—— W——,  
Ex-L/Sergt., —— Regt.



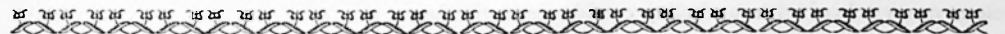
HERE is a letter which we found printed in a Midland newspaper on June 4. Let no reader regard its appearance here as trumpet-blowing—the service rendered was too simple for that—but rather as an example of how “the Toc H spirit” counts in small things:—

SIR,—Last Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, I found that the electric light in my pulpit had failed. Sunday morning, and a Whit-Sunday morning! Truly a bad time for getting damages repaired! What should I do, and with less than two hours before the service? Find an electrician who is fortunate enough to be at home? Find one willing to do a job on a Sunday morning and in a limited space of time? Can it be done? It was done—by applying to Toc H. “We'll try” was the answer to my application, and in less time than it takes to write this the trouble was diagnosed and a lamp from a neighbouring house borrowed and installed. All this done with a brightness and a cheerfulness which gave a tone to the whole day.

At 10 p.m. I was face to face with another difficulty. Owing to illness in a home the kindly promised motor-car which was to transport the crockery for next day's picnic party had to be cancelled. Can Toc H overcome the difficulty? It did. After vain attempts to find another motorist two young fellows shouldered the packed-up cups and saucers, &c., took them to the station and brought back from the left-luggage office the ensuring ticket. A word to the picnickers next morning met all the remaining difficulties.

I mean to get and keep in closer touch with this institution. Do you wonder?

Yours, &c., A GRATEFUL MINISTER.



LASTLY, here is another communication from a sincere Belgian friend of Toc H, unknown to us personally. A previous letter of his was printed in the JOURNAL of April 1924, page 97, and postcards of greeting from him have turned up at intervals since. The picture post-card he sends this time, dated from Brussels on March 25, shows the bronze statue of “*Petit Jean le guerrier*” which surmounts the tower of the town-hall at Audenarde. The post-card reads:—

Rd. Sir Clayton Tubby, Toc H Mark II. C., Toronto, Canada: Dear Sir Clayton, Hereby the photo of a boy who is somewhat 400 years old. He saw emperor Carl V, some others kings and last not least kaiser Big Willy. That boy is always on duty. Sorry our city is not an english city, for we would make him chairman of a Toc H! A chairman he is indeed as he looks day and night over the citizens: And now: alleluia!

Yours sincerely, JOS. VAN DE VIJVERE.

## “Wage-earner” or “Citizen in Training”?

*Unemployment among Boys.* By W. McG. Eagar and H. A. Secretan. Dent. 1925. 164 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

*First Annual Report, 1924-1925, of the London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment.* H.M. Stationery Office. 36 pp. 9d.

**P**ROLONGED idleness, whether in Whitechapel or Mayfair, robs us of useful citizens; in both kinds of society the unemployed become in the end the unemployable. Nowhere is clear policy and immediate action more necessary than in the field of *juvenile* unemployment—for nowhere does the evil make more tragic inroads upon character.

The purpose of the book and of the report named at the head of this page is partly to call attention to the difficulties which beset boys and girls out of work and to what is already being done to help them, and partly to make definite suggestions as to policy in the future. The book is a study in some detail of a restricted field, one district of South London, with arguments from the particular case there to the general problem. W. McG. Eagar was lately Warden of the Oxford and Bermondsey Club, Hubert Secretan is its present Warden and a member of Mark XXII Branch of Toc H. Both of them have known and loved and worked with the Bermondsey boy before and since the War, and they dedicate their book “to those unrecognised pillars of society, Tom, Dick and Harry of Tower Bridge Road, Tooley Street, Long Lane and Dockhead.” The authors begin by saying that *juvenile* unemployment is a new feature of the general problem in this country and that the exasperating failure to deal with it must partly be laid to the charge of social workers who are the best friends of the boys and girls concerned and who ought to be offering the authorities in Westminster and Whitehall “less vague clamour and a good deal more definite assistance.” They then proceed to their enquiry, insisting that the whole subject must be regarded personally (though not sentimentally), *i.e.*, with an eye on the boy himself: “the boy is not made for industry, but he is going to live by industry, and industry will be dependent in the long run on his personal fitness and character.” They use three sets of figures—the “Live Register” of the Juvenile Employment Exchange, those relating to old boys of “Z Street” (a representative elementary) School, and to their own club boys of the O.B.C.—to present the facts of unemployment, its extent and duration, and of misemployment. These early chapters will not be easy reading to those who dislike statistics, and it is a question whether the numbers of boys included in the school and club figures are sufficiently large to warrant all the conclusions drawn from them. No one, however, can read the rest of the book without being dismayed by the confusion which has clouded the country’s treatment of its unemployed adolescents during the last five years. The boy and girl out of work have been the shuttlecocks in a perspiring game between the Ministry of Labour and the Board of Education, both harassed by the brandishing over their heads of the Geddes “axe.” Meanwhile the wastage of human material, mind and spirit, goes on. “It is impossible for any man to see an average batch of boys as they leave an elementary school without feeling confidence in the future of the race. If at the end of three or four years he can examine those of the batch who have suffered from 50 per cent. or 70 per cent. of waste time, he finds an accumulated deterioration which causes him the gravest misgivings. The boys are no longer young hopefuls; they are premature cynics.”

Nowhere is the lack of a clear and courageous policy more serious than in the field of continued education. This is largely the lamentable history of the “Fisher” Act of 1918—heralded as the dawn of a new day for the adolescent, whittled down and down from the compulsory Day Continuation School for children of 14-16 to the school for children of 14-15, and then to the voluntary continuation school, “which does really touch the main problem.” Finally, as a useful palliative in a desperate case, comes the Juvenile Unemployment Centre

for those boys and girls between 16 and 18 who are receiving unemployment benefit. On the subject of the boys who attend such a school there is a most human summing-up (pp. 73-78) by Val Bell, headmaster of the Battersea J.U.C., who is well-known to London Toc H as an active member of Mark III. The history of education since the war, bound up as it is with the problems of employment, is not encouraging—"a story of makeshift expedients and emergency devices, of an attempt to do something without thinking out the reasons for doing anything."

It is easy to criticise the action—or inaction—of governments and county councils faced with the huge social, industrial and financial dislocation made by the War. But, the remedy? The authors of the book note that the most obvious remedy, at first sight, is to raise the school-leaving age to 15, for by this means "at one blow the supply of boy-labour would be reduced by about one quarter." But, they add, "the educational as well as the practical objections, are serious." They therefore lead the reader far behind the immediate question of the out-of-work boy and girl to a much larger and more fundamental issue. This may well be expressed in words contained in the report of the Lewis Commission which was appointed in 1917 to consider juvenile education in relation to employment—"Can the age of adolescence be brought out of the purview of economic exploitation and into that of social conscience? Can the conception of the juvenile as primarily a little wage-earner be replaced by the conception of the juvenile as primarily the workman and the citizen in training?" The last three chapters of the book under review consider the boy as a "workman and citizen in training," and that under a national school-system which would be a continuous whole. The present elementary system comes to a "dead end" as soon as possible after the boy's fourteenth birthday—the very worst age, perhaps, that could be devised, for it is the time of physical change at which a boy most needs help and discipline. At that age he may either be transferred to an unfamiliar and disconnected continuation school or suddenly thrown out into the wage-earning—or the idleness—of the industrial world. The authors of this book agree, therefore, with much other considered opinion, that the break between elementary and continued education should come when a boy is 11-12, and that the two schools should not be really two but rather parts of a single system. In fact a boy should be able to pass from one to the other with as little of "the waste of marking time" as the small minority of English boys—those at public schools—do in passing from the "Lower" to the "Upper School." The effect would be that *all* boys (and not only the fortunate minority just referred to) would eventually be in training up to the age of 18. Objections spring at once from many quarters—from employers deprived of boy labour, from taxpayers required to provide buildings and salaries, from those who look on the care of the adolescent as being "grandmotherly," from Labour which is afraid of too many skilled men in the market, and from parents who need a boy's earnings for the family budget. The book endeavours to meet these objections and to show how a temporary policy could lead up to the full programme. And the full programme is "the only effective policy for coping with juvenile unemployment."

And now a few words about the first annual Report of the London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment. The Council which issues it was appointed by the late Labour Government and met for the first time in March, 1924. On the educational side the Council includes representatives of the L.C.C. and the London Teachers' Association and on the industrial side of both workers and employers. Its function is to advise the Ministry of Labour which acts through the local Juvenile Advisory Committees. As the result of its useful year's experience within the limits of the County of London the Council has already recommended the Government to appoint a National Consultative Council for Juvenile Employment. The Report opens, as in honesty it must, by a reference to the tangled history of the struggle between the two state departments of Labour and Education over the body of the unfortunate adoles-

cent worker, and it closes with the speeches made at a joint meeting last January by the two "rival" Ministers. If anyone expected a public "scrap" on that occasion he was disappointed, for two more sympathetic speeches could scarcely have been made. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland (Minister of Labour) spoke of the half-million boys and girls who leave school every year as "the undeveloped or only partly developed, estate of the nation," and said that their true development "is not fundamentally an employment question nor fundamentally an educational question. It is really fundamentally a question of character, and that is what we have to put before the country so as to get it appreciated more and more." And unemployment, he added, is a great enemy to this development of character. Lord Eustace Percy (President of the Board of Education) pressed that we should not "regard this question of juvenile employment, as it is too often regarded, merely as an emergency problem in a period of acute unemployment resulting from the War. It is nothing of the sort. It is the weak spot in our system of education." He went on to warn his hearers that it was "quite clearly impossible to do any of the educational things mentioned by the chairman of the Advisory Council" (*i.e.*, the raising of the school age to 15, the re-establishment of Day Continuation Schools or the extension of secondary education) "unless the provision which you are going to make in that way is definitely recognised by the employers and the trade unions of the country as a contribution to which they are prepared to adapt themselves."

It is well worth while for Toc H members, not only those working in London, to get this report and study it carefully—together with Eagar's and Secretan's book which, in the main conclusions, it goes to support. The final upshot of it all is surely this—that *every one* of us, whether employer or employed, student or social worker, has need to educate himself in the problem of educating the young generation which puts out to sea, without pause or intermission, from its inadequate schools into the working life of the nation. Every school-teacher, scoutmaster, brigade officer and club manager has had cause to lament in these last years the spectacle of boys, to whom he is devoted, lacking opportunity to fulfil their fine promise of body and mind, sliding down the slope of unemployment into the commonplace of C3. But it is not lament that is wanted, but clearer sight and more courage and a new heart in us all. If the will to reform is there, the way will be found.

B. B.

## *A Readable War Book*

OF the making of many books on the War there is no end; unfortunately not many of them are readable except by specialists and historians. We have come across an extraordinarily interesting and readable book in *With the Machine Gun Corps*, by Arthur Russell (Drane, 6s.).

It is not an apologia, nor does it profess to explain how or why we won the war; it does not contain weighty fulminations against the higher command; it does not try to tell us why von Kluck did not take Paris, or why Winston Churchill went to Antwerp; there is no evidence as to what Bethmann-Hollweg said on June 13th, 1925, nor is there any attempt to throw the responsibility for the war on to Napoleon Buonaparte or Rameses II. The book is just a plain, straightforward story of a man who joined up early in the war, and served throughout, in France, Flanders and Italy, with the M.G.C. It is a record of the everyday happenings of training and trench life, and abounds in those small and intimate details which the war historian does not deign to notice, but which are often so full of memories for those who had similar experience. One re-lives many days of one's own in reading this simple diary.

Add to this the fact that the author is a member of Toc H (York Group), and you have a combination which makes *With the Machine Gun Corps* a book that every Toc H member will want to read and keep.

A. B.



## THE NORTHERN CONFERENCE, JULY 11-12

OVER 70 members in all assembled at Halifax for the conference, and Mark XII was a good deal more than full. Delegates were sent by Bradford, Dewsbury, Grantham, Grimsby, Halifax, Huddersfield, Hull, Lightcliffe, Manchester, Mansfield, Middlesbrough, Nottingham, Rotherham, Sheffield, South Bank, South Shields, Spen Valley, Stockport, Whitby and York, and a number of visitors came besides. The first item on the programme was a garden-party which merrily filled the afternoon. After supper the first session of the conference attacked a very long agenda. Padre WILLIAMS (Sheffield) opened with prayer, and "BARKIS" (H.Q.) was put into the chair. Four main subjects were chosen for the evening. The first, *The employment of lads in blind-alley trades, with a view to some step by Toc H*, was introduced by MAGRATH ("Mac" of Sheffield). He dealt with the evil effects of blind-alley jobs on boys, and with the pros and cons for raising the school-leaving age. "Toc H. must be a big company of dreamers," he said, and the general upshot of the ensuing discussion was that Toc H could help everywhere to create the public opinion which would some day make the dreams come true. Padre KEITH JONES (Bradford) then spoke briefly on *Interdenominational relationships within Toc H*, but no discussion was attempted. The second subject for discussion was *What is the best way of spreading Toc H?*, introduced by EMERY (Grimsby). His group were rather concerned about the slowness of their growth and wished to consult the conference. The strong feeling of the meeting that gradual personal work and not public propaganda was the only sure way to build Toc H truly, ought to reassure them. The third subject, *The problem of the "younger end" in Toc H*, introduced by DEAVILLE (Middlesbrough) aroused the keenest discussion of the evening. In reality two aspects of the problem (though it seemed to present no problem to some branches) emerged, *i.e.* what can the "younger end" (16-20 year olds) do for Toc H? and what should Toc H do for the "younger end"? The suggestion that the young members were "no use for jobs" was strongly combated by those who advocated putting each young member alongside an older member in practical work and those who saw the Rovers as the ideal training ground for service. The final subject of the evening was *The management of Marks, and their relationship to Branch executive committees*, introduced by CUSFORTH (Hull). It was pointed out very clearly that, as a Branch was held responsible by H.Q. for the House in its area, the Branch had the duty of seeing that the House was economically run and the right of scrutinising its expenditure very carefully, if the House were running at a loss. The session closed with family prayers taken by Padre "BILLY," after which a large party marched to the Y.M.C.A. (where, it is understood, they spent "a short night and a gay one"), while the rest carried on informal discussion on the lawn at Mark XII.

Sunday opened with Communion services at St. Mary's Church and in the House Chapel. After breakfast the conference assembled in the garden. The chairman began by reading Pat Leonard's latest letter to the Manchester members from New Zealand, and the first business was a paper on *Pensions advocacy* read by DAVIES (South Bank) which evoked considerable discussion. The conference was so impressed by the remarkable success of South Bank in pleading pension-cases before tribunals, etc., that it appointed a small sub-committee to consider in what way the Northern branches should be asked to co-operate in this work. This sub-committee met after dinner and reported at tea-time; its suggestions were:—(a) that branches and groups should get into touch with the local British Legion and try to arrange a joint conference of two members from each body, with one or more members of the local War Pensions Committee present—this small conference to discuss how far the ground of pensions appeals was covered locally, and especially how to deal with pensions appellants who did not belong to any society (*e.g.* the Legion); (b) that branches and groups should

proceed locally on the lines laid down by this joint-conference, so as to avoid overlapping and friction. The subject of *The admission of women to full membership of Toc H* was on the agenda, but in view of the fact, pointed out by the chairman, that a delegate conference of the League of Women Helpers was at that very moment discussing its proposed new constitution in Manchester, it was unanimously decided not to discuss the issue but to send a very warm message of greeting and encouragement to the L.W.H. conference. This was immediately conveyed by telephone to Manchester and the thanks and good wishes of the L.W.H. received in return. LEONARD (Huddersfield) then spoke briefly on *St. Barnabas War Graves Pilgrimages*, and the conference decided to support the proposal of a Yorkshire Pilgrimage, to be organised in conjunction with the British Legion. GIBBONS (Bradford) then gave his experience of *Work for the "down and out."* He outlined a plan for a central training-home (run in the spirit of Flowers Farm\*) for men chosen by himself and Toc H branches from casual wards. This raised enthusiastic discussion which had to be cut short by the time-limit. CUSFORTH (Hull) then brought up the subject of *The representation of Toc H on local social service committees*, to which MAGRATH (Sheffield) added suggestions as to the part of Toc H in helping to form local Councils of Social Service and Juvenile Organisations Committees. LAST of all PINNOCK ("Pip" of South Bank) spoke on *Police Court Mission Work* and the job of Toc H for probationers, discharged prisoners, etc. The morning ended with a united service held in the garden by Padre BILLY.

At 3 p.m. Bishop Frodsham, Vicar of Halifax, came up to the House to dedicate the Unknown Soldiers' Cross and a prayer-desk he had presented to the House. Members assembled in a semi-circle in the garden round the front steps. Padre WILLIAMS and the officers of the Branch used the "Giving of Thanks" from the Toc H *Treasury of prayers*, and the Bishop, standing in his robes on the steps, addressed the members and then retired to the Chapel to place the Cross in position.

And so home, by train, car, mo' and push-bike. It had been a very full agenda, completed thanks to the fact that everyone was really keen and had spoken to the point. B. B.

## L.W.H. SECRETARIES IN CONFERENCE

THE first out-of-London Conference of L.W.H. Secretaries was held in Manchester on July 11-12. The nineteen Secretaries who attended were all billeted together and the meetings held at Langdale Hall, whose hospitable roof has sheltered L.W.H. ever since its beginnings in Manchester. The first meeting was concerned chiefly with the work of groups and branches. Reports were given or read from each, showing a wide range of activities, and discussion followed. A new feature was a report from a girls' school which has run a 'Circle of the Lamp' for a year among its older girls, most of whom on leaving wish to be put into touch with a branch of the L.W.H.

Sunday morning was occupied from ten to twelve with the problems of the future—our aims, qualifications of members, constitution and our relationship to Toc H. Most of these subjects had been thrashed out beforehand by the branches, and the work of the Conference was to put their ideas on paper. The main conclusions arrived at were these :—

1. That the L.W.H. does not wish to change its name, but that it does wish to interpret that name in the fullest kind of way. This means that we have set before us the aim of raising a sisterhood who will not pull down what the brotherhood of Toc H is building up, but rather play its part in keeping the building from being lop-sided.

2. That the L.W.H. wishes to be even more closely bound to Toc H than it is at present. For this reason it has asked that some tangible link should be forged between them. It is

\* See May JOURNAL, pp. 132-137.

suggested that this should take the form of a *Fundamental Agreement* with Toc H, to be included in our constitution. This is not, as some suppose, a legal monster of terrifying proportions, but a practical working arrangement, by which Toc H will grant us certain privileges (e.g., the use of the name Toc H), and we will give in return certain undertakings in order to safeguard these privileges.

The outlines of a constitution embodying the distinctions between branches and groups, branch and group and general list members, Council and Executive and their respective functions were discussed and approved, and it is hoped to bring the completed thing into operation this autumn.

A probationary period and an initiation ceremony were discussed; the former had practically been adopted already, and the need for the latter is keenly felt by nearly all the branches.

During the morning a telephone message was received from the Toc H Northern Conference, meeting at the same time at Halifax, wishing the L.W.H. Godspeed in their work and plans for the future. It need hardly be said how greatly this message was appreciated. A. B. S. M.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

♣ Heartiest congratulations to MANSFIELD BRANCH, which was promoted from Group status by the Central Executive on July 6—just too late for inclusion in last month's list in the JOURNAL. Ten new groups were registered in July, including a second group in SOUTH AFRICA; BARNET Branch has now joined the London Federation.

♣ At the end of May *The Methodist Recorder* published the announcement that negotiations were proceeding between the Royal Navy, Army and Air Force Board of the WESLEYAN CHURCH and Toc H. In July the Rev. J. H. Bateson presented the report of the Board to the Wesleyan Conference, and moved that "the Conference express its favourable view of Toc H, and give to the Army and Navy Board power to make suitable arrangements with that organisation." We are, therefore, moving towards co-operation with the Wesleyan Church.

♣ We notice that Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, inspecting the 1st Queen's Cadets recently in the Temple Gardens, congratulated them on being the most efficient Cadet Battalion in the County of London. All the companies save one are supported by the Public Schools; and D Company, which is run mainly by Toc H members from Haileybury House, secured two cups for shooting, and two medals from the Stadium Boxing Tournaments. It is hoped that this winter some of the defunct companies may be revived, a good opportunity for Public Schools with O.T.C. traditions, and for Toc H members interested in the cadet movement.

♣ The British Instructional Film Company (which produced the fine war pictures, *Armageddon* and *Zeebrugge*) have been busy for some months on a film of the history of "the immortal salient," to be called *The Epic of Ypres*, and invited Toc H to help with two episodes. The first, a brief glimpse of the Old House in Poperinghe, was reconstructed in the studio at Surbiton, and the actors were drawn from the East Surrey Regiment depot at Kingston. Mark VII supplied the cast for the second, a present-day guest-night of Toc H.

♣ THE TOC H DIARY FOR 1926 is now in course of preparation, and is expected to be ready for issue in November. In size and shape it will be the same as this year's, with the addition of a pencil which also serves ingeniously to keep the Diary shut when not in use. The price will be, as before, 2s. a copy, or to Secretaries ordering not less than a dozen, 1s. 8d. each (to be sold at 2s.—profits to Branch funds). Order *as soon as possible* from the Registrar, H.Q.

✧ The Central Executive has now decided to change the title of honorary "Commissioners" of Toc H (see JOURNAL, June, p. 175, July, p. 201) to that of "VISITORS." George Kerswell the first to be appointed, has resigned the position owing to personal affairs.

✧ Will those Groups which intend to apply for a LAMP OF MAINTENANCE this year please note that *all applications must reach the Guard of the Lamp by November 1 at latest.* The trial casting of the RUSHLIGHT has now been made, and, after certain alterations, the complete Rushlight will be issued to all Groups as soon as possible.

✧ The announcement that no news from Branches and Groups would be printed in the August number of the JOURNAL was made on pages 189 and 206 of the July issue, and the Editor added that he "confidently expects to receive the usual number of Branch newsletters from those scribes who do not read the JOURNAL." Up to the time of going to press only 13 such letters have arrived—which is satisfactory or otherwise!

✧ SECRETARIES' LIST, *July Alterations and Additions*:—(a) *New Groups*: BRINGTON, J. C. Steel, 19, Lorn Road, S.W.9; CHELTENHAM "A," Col. P. Murray, 8, Glencairn Park Road; COCKERNHOE, E. A. Schmidt, Cockernhoe, near Luton, Beds; EASTLEIGH, R. Preece, 53, Cranberry Road; EAST LONDON (S. Africa), H. Bennett, Devereux Avenue, Chislehurst, near E. London; FARNBOROUGH, R. H. Mills, 101, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot; LITTLEHAMPTON, A. Wingfield, 41, High Street; WELLINGTON (N.Z.), A. B. Malyon, Main Road, Khan Daljah; WILLESDEN, H. R. Gross, 5, Sellons Avenue, N.W.10; WOOLSTON, A. Hooper, Toinham, Pear Tree Green, Woolston. (b) *Change of Secretary*: BRISTOL, G. J. Pitman, Mark IX, 29, St. Paul's Road; CHELTENHAM, J. M. Roy, Chislehurst, Sydenham Villas Road; HALIFAX, N. Shepherd, Mark XII; IPSWICH, E. T. Hilsden, Briar Tor, Thringham Road; LONDON, MARK VII, J. Mallet, 15, Fitzroy Square, W.1; PORTSMOUTH, H. W. Linington, 19, Adelaide Road, Buckland; SWINDON, A. W. J. Dymond, Mark XVI, Redville, High Street; WOOD GREEN, E. J. Taylor, 54, Blake Road, New Southgate, N.11. (c) *Change of Address*: CHELSEA Secretary to 10, Mallord Street, Chelsea, S.W.3; PHILADELPHIA (U.S.A.) Secretary to 132, Southforth Street; WOOLWICH Secretary to "Braemont," Glenlea Road, Eltham, S.E.9. (d) L.W.H.—*Promotion*: LONDON, E.C. Group to be a Branch; *Change of Secretary*: BLACKBURN, Miss E. Walker, 71, Oozehead Lane; LONDON, PIMLICO, Miss Williams has resigned co-secretaryship; MANCHESTER, Miss D. Myles, Langdale Hall, Victoria Park.

#### IF WINTER COMES.

THE London Soccer Club is already hard at work over its plans for the approaching season. The 1st XI has received a really wonderful welcome into the Southern Amateur League, and the manner in which that League's General Meeting elected Toc H went to show that the Soccer Club has brought the ideas of Toc H to the interested knowledge of many in the amateur world. Not only in the 2nd Division of the League in which the 1st XI will be playing, but throughout the League, this interested knowledge will grow into something more. With the A.F.A. Senior Cup and the Eastbourne Charity Cup Competition as well the 1st XI will be busy. Tom Angliss is the new captain and Charlie Thompson team secretary. The Reserves take on most of the Schools and Colleges, while the "A" XI will play strong reserve sides and school mission XI's among others. The Rugger Club look forward to another successful season and will again put two fifteens into the field. On a Saturday during the winter any member who makes his way to the Toc H ground at Fally Farm, New Barnet, will find close on a hundred players changing in the pavilion and interesting matches in which his club will welcome his support. If he wants to play himself will he please write to the appropriate secretary c/o H.Q. as soon as he likes? And to any member, who writes in for one, a fixture card will be speedily sent.